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P. K. Bergman

SONGS OF REVIVAL POWER

FOR

Evangelistic Campaigns, Gospel Meetings, Revival
Services and Devotional Meetings

EDITED BY

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Author of "Getting Ready for a Revival."



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DOXOLOGIES.

SESSIONS.

L. G. EMERSON.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heav-en-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

OLD HUNDRETH.

G. FRANC.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DUANE ST.

GEORGE COLES.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heaven-ly host,

D. S.—Praise him above, ye heavenly host,

FINE.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below;

D. S.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SONGS OF REVIVAL POWER.

1.

ONLY THINE.

R. A. JOHN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

Slowly.

1. The sweetest songs I fain would offer Un-to Thy glo-ry, Savior mine!
 2. The fairest flow'rs that e'er were bidden To grace the dewy morn in spring,
 3. The rarest gems, the priceless treasure That flashed and burned in royal crown,
 4. I can not sing the Master's chorals That grandly thro' the ages roll;

The grandest gifts my hands could proffer, Should, Lord, be thine and only thine.
 The treasured gold the earth has hidden, I fain, O Lord, to thee would bring.
 My heart aflame would bless the pleasure Before thy throne to lay it down.
 I have not wealth of pearls or corals—I can but bring my ransomed soul;

And all for which my soul has striven, And all that life has ever giv-en,
 And all that fortune has af-ford-ed And all that zeal and toil rewarded,
 And wealth and might should tell the story Of thee and thy e-ter-nal glo-ry;
 For this thy sacred side was riv-en, For this thy ho-ly life was giv-en;

CHORUS.

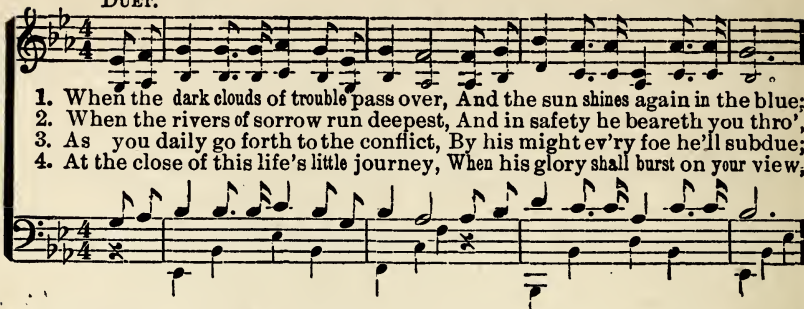
On-ly thine, on-ly thine, 1-3. All should be, O Sav-ior, mine!
 On-ly thine, on-ly thine, 4. I would be, O Sav-ior, mine!

2. IT WAS JUST WHAT HE PROMISED TO DO.

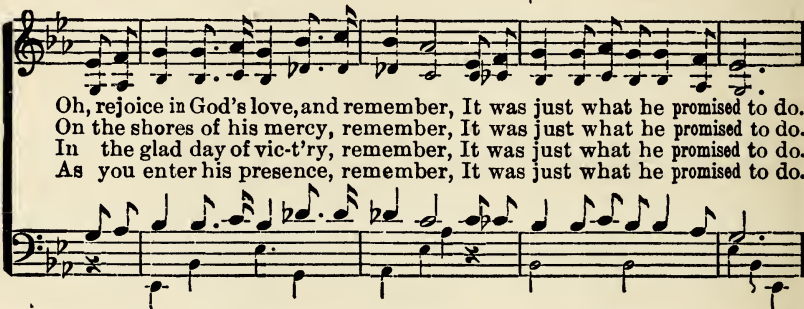
ADA BLENKHORN.

IRA B. WILSON.

DUET.

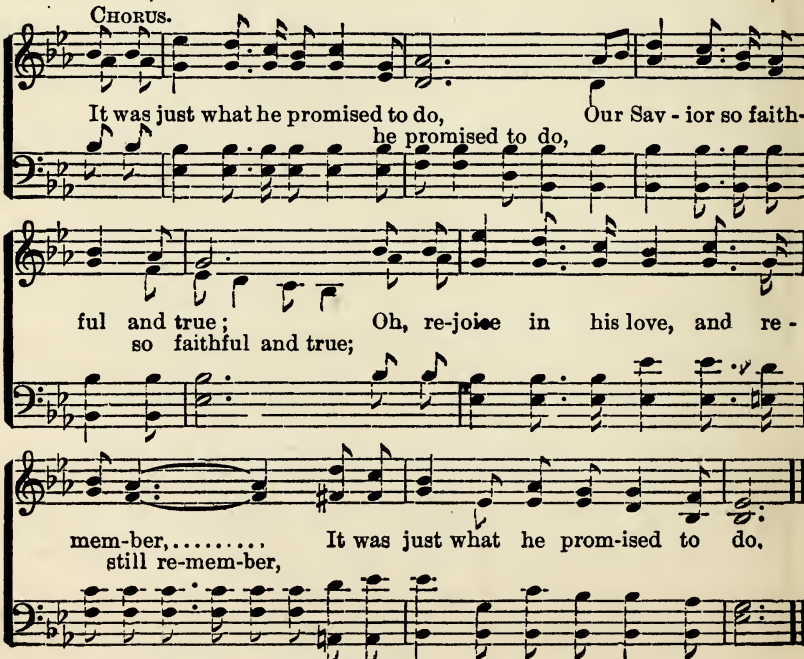


1. When the dark clouds of trouble pass over, And the sun shines again in the blue;
2. When the rivers of sorrow run deepest, And in safety he beareth you thro';
3. As you daily go forth to the conflict, By his might ev'ry foe he'll subdue;
4. At the close of this life's little journey, When his glory shall burst on your view;



Oh, rejoice in God's love, and remember, It was just what he promised to do.
 On the shores of his mercy, remember, It was just what he promised to do.
 In the glad day of vic-t'ry, remember, It was just what he promised to do.
 As you enter his presence, remember, It was just what he promised to do.

CHORUS.



It was just what he promised to do, Our Sav - ior so faith-
 he promised to do,
 ful and true; Oh, re-joice in his love, and re -
 so faithful and true;
 mem-ber,..... It was just what he prom-ised to do,
 still re-mem-ber,

3. WHILE THE FIRE IS FALLING.

Alt. and arr. by JAS. M. GRAY, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Lo, the Church at last is waking, And beneath God's spell is breaking
2. Lo, the torch of God is burning, Worldly planning o-ver-turn-ing
3. O my soul for thy re-fin-ing, For thy clearer, brighter shin-ing,
4. Yea, the gracious Lord is seeking Witnesses to rouse the sleeping

In - to liv - ing flame; Christians, let us cease our dreaming,
 With his ho - ly flame! Many hearts are meekly bending,
 Do thou seek the flame! For the sake of bruised and dying,
 Fired with heav - 'nly flame! On the ho - ly Ghost re-ly - ing,
 In - to liv - ing flame!

Cease in ef - fort on - ly seem-ing, Put-ting us to shame.
 Wilt thou not thine own surrend'ring This great bless - ing claim?
 For the lost in darkness ly - ing, And for Je - sus' name!
 Thy co - ca-tion ev - er ply-ing, Sav-ing grace pro-claim.
 Put-ting us to shame,

CHORUS.

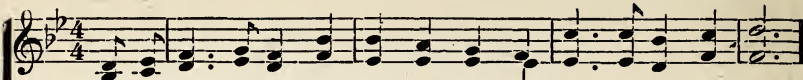
While the fire of God is fall - ing, While the voice of God is call - ing,

While the need is so ap - pall - ing, Chris-tians, seek the heav nly flame.

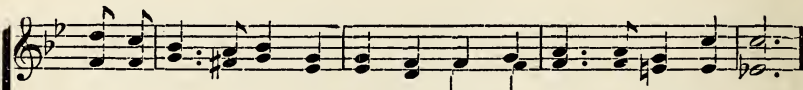
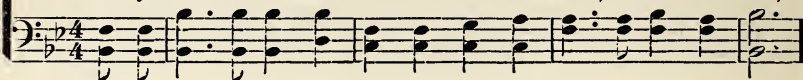
INA DULEY OGDON.

(Suitable for Solo.)

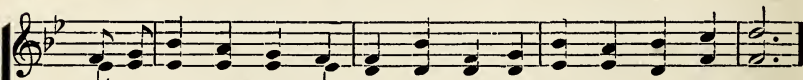
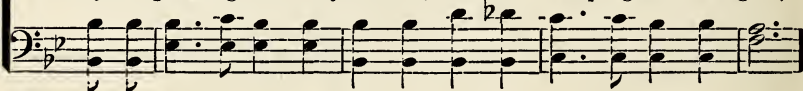
E. S. LORENZ.



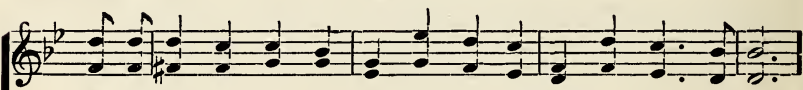
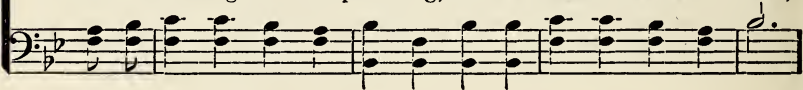
1. Hear the gra - cious in-vi - ta - tion, From the roy - al house of God,
2. Let us robe in snow-y white-ness For that great and hap-py day;
3. Ma - ny friends are there to meet us In redeemed, im-mor-tal state;



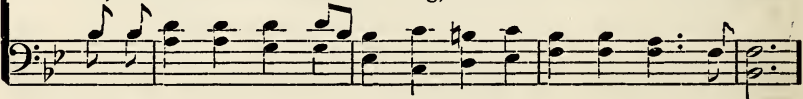
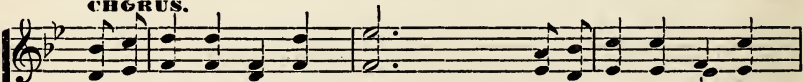
Un - to all of ev - 'ry na-tion, Signed and sealed by Jesus' blood;
Tune our hearts to songs of brightness, Bid our troubles flee a - way;
They are pressing forth to greet us, As we're sweeping thro' the gate;



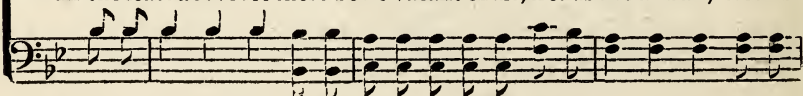
Lo! the wedding feast is wait - ing, Let us hast - en to pre-pare;
There shall nev - er - more be sor - row, There shall nevermore be night,
Hear the loving Fa - ther plead - ing, Lo! the feast a - waits us there;



Let us waste no time de - bat - ing, Let there be no va - cant chair.
At the fes - tal board to - mor - row, Shall be naught but pure delight.
Oh, his bless - ed sum - mons heeding, Let there be no va - cant chair.

**CHORUS.**

Let there be no va - cant chair! Let us one and all be
In the feast above let there be no vacant chair, Let us one and all, Let us



NO VACANT CHAIR. Concluded.

there! Lo! the wedding feast is ready, Let there be no vacant chair.
one and all be there!

5. AT MORNING TIME.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. There's light a little farth-er on, The glorious light of coming dawn;
2. At morning time no heart shall know The griefs that fretted here below,
3. Then all the "dark things shall be plain," "The crooked way made straight" again;
4. The stifled hopes shall come to flower; The desert places know the show'r,

And all earth shad-ows will be gone, At morning time, at morning time.
For God will ev - 'ry good be-stow, At morning time, at morning time.
All will be joy and brightness then, At morning time, at morning time.
And broken hearts find peace and pow'r, At morning time, at morning time.

CHORUS.

At morning time there's fadeless light; At morning time all will be right;
there's fadeless light, all will be right;

Oh, in some far-off radiant clime, There will be joy at morning time.
far - off ra-di-ant clime,

6. HAVE YOU HEARD THE VOICE OF GOD?

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. As you wan - der a - stray from your home far a - way, God is
 2. All his love to re - veal, your dis - eas - es to heal, God is
 3. Thro' his Son strong to save, conq'ring sin and the grave, God is
 4. Then no long - er de - lay, heed his urg - ing to - day, God is

call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more; While you strug - gle with sin, feel its
 call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more; All your bur - dens to bear, all your
 call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more; Thro' his Spir - it of light, bringing
 call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more; As from an - guish and strife, in - to

D. S.—His sweet call will you heed? or shall

hor - ror with - in, God is call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more.
 sor - rows to share, God is call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more.
 hope in your night, God is call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more.
 heav'n's end - less life, God is call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more

love vain - ly plead? God is call - ing, call - ing ev - er - more.

CHORUS. Have you heard the voice of God? Have you heard the voice of God?
 in your soul? in your soul?

7. SALVATION'S TIDAL WAVE.

MRS. J. H. M.

JOEL 2: 28.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. A ti - dal wave is drawing near, is coming sure and soon, Sal - va - tion
2. A ti - dal wave of gospel power by prophets long foretold, When God his
3. Be glad, ye children of our God, re-joice in Christ your King, Into the

full and free shall o-ver all the world be known; The gospel preached in
Spir - it shall outpour upon the young and old; Your daughters and your
storehouse of the Lord your tithes and off'rings bring; 'Tis near at hand, that

D. S.—The ju - bi - lee of

ev'ry clime and land beneath the sun, 'Tis coming, 'tis com-ing, 'tis
sons shall prophesy with courage bold, 'Tis coming, 'tis com-ing, 'tis
glorious day, lift up your voice and sing, 'Tis coming, 'tis com-ing, 'tis

ho - li - ness on rapid wings draws nigh, 'Tis coming, 'tis com-ing, 'tis

FINE. CHORUS.

coming by and by. 'Tis coming by and by, 'tis com-ing by and
coming by and by.
coming by and by. by and by,

com-ing by and by.

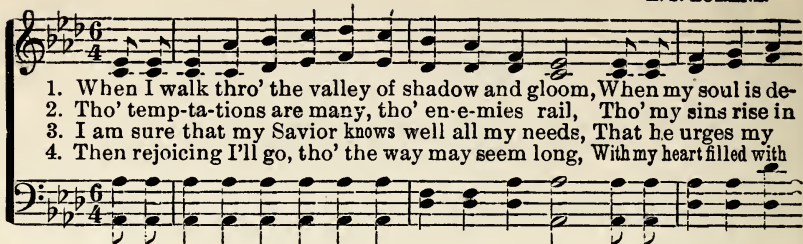
D. S.

by, The dawning of a bet-ter day lights up the eastern sky;
by and by,

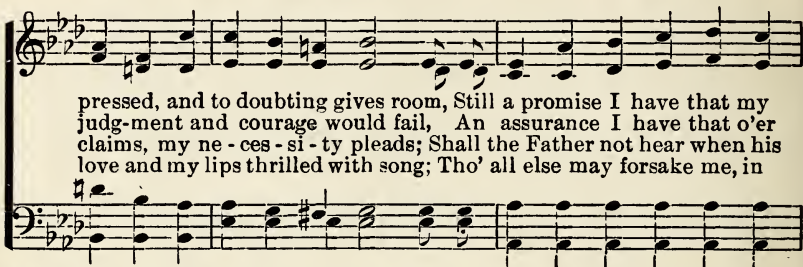
MY SAVIOR IS PRAYING FOR ME.

E. S. L.

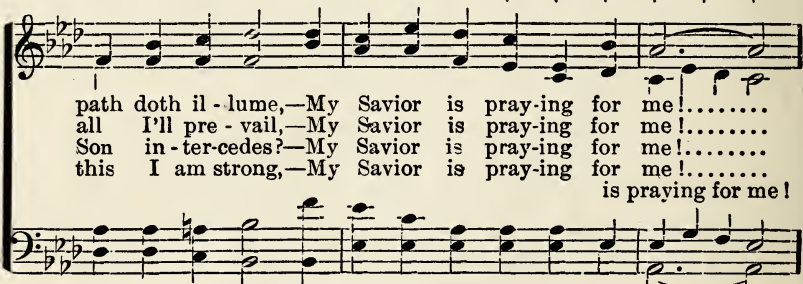
E. S. LORENZ.



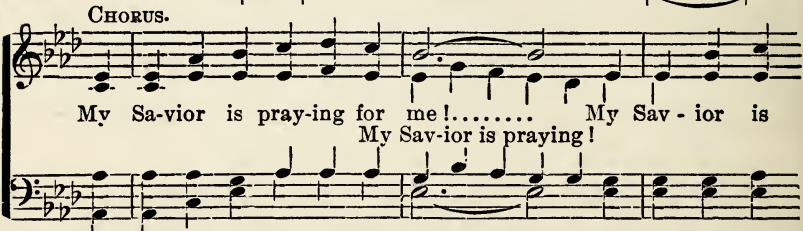
1. When I walk thro' the valley of shadow and gloom, When my soul is de-
 2. Tho' temp-ta-tions are many, tho' en-e-mies rail, Tho' my sins rise in
 3. I am sure that my Savior knows well all my needs, That he urges my
 4. Then rejoicing I'll go, tho' the way may seem long, With my heart filled with



pressed, and to doubting gives room, Still a promise I have that my
 judg-ment and courage would fail, An assurance I have that o'er
 claims, my ne - ces - si - ty pleads; Shall the Father not hear when his
 love and my lips thrilled with song; Tho' all else may forsake me, in

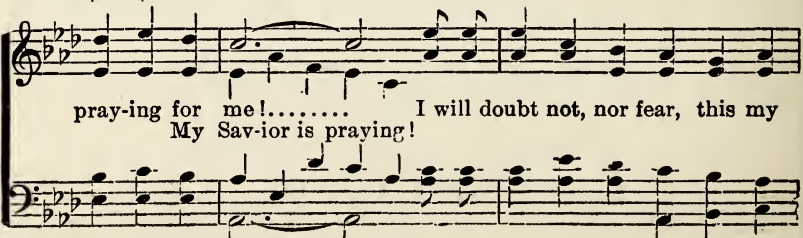


path doth il - lume,—My Savior is pray-ing for me!.....
 all I'll pre - vail,—My Savior is pray-ing for me!.....
 Son in - ter-cedes?—My Savior is pray-ing for me!.....
 this I am strong,—My Savior is pray-ing for me!.....
 is praying for me!



CHORUS.

My Sa-vior is pray-ing for me!..... My Sav - ior is
 My Sav-ior is praying!



pray-ing for me!..... I will doubt not, nor fear, this my
 My Sav-ior is praying!

MY SAVIOR IS PRAYING FOR ME. Concluded.

in - fi - nite cheer: My Sav - iour is pray - ing for me!.....
is praying for me!

9 HE'LL NEVER LET GO MY HAND.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My bless - ed Savior holds my hand, And leads me day by day;
2. My bless - ed Savior holds my hand, And he will guide a - right;
3. My bless - ed Savior holds my hand, A ten - der guide is he;
4. So, while my Savior holds my hand, I can - not go a - stray;

He knows the dangers of the land, For he has passed this way.
While I obey his blest command My path is crown'd with light.
He'll lead me to the glo - ry - land Be - yond the si - lent sea.
With him I'll walk the golden strand Of ev - er - last - ing day.

CHORUS.

He'll nev - er let go my hand.... He'll nev - er let go my hand....
let go my hand, let go my hand,

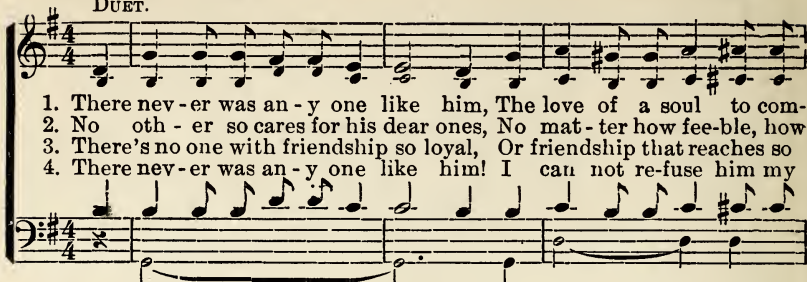
I love him so, and he loves me; I know, He'll never let go my hand.

10. THERE NEVER WAS ANY ONE LIKE HIM.

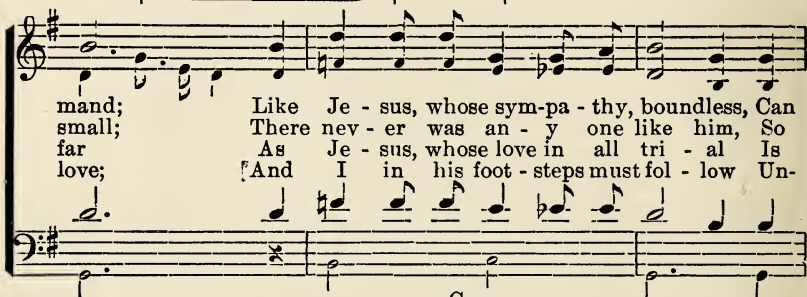
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

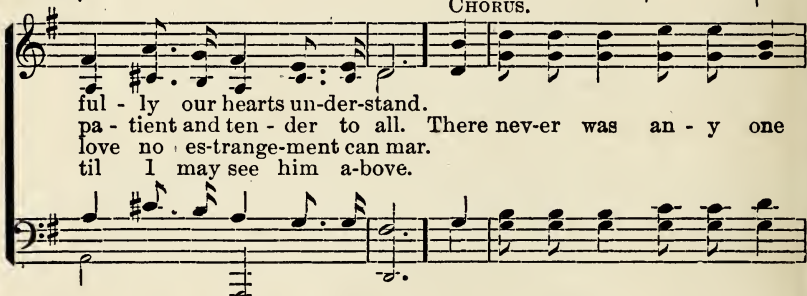


1. There nev - er was an - y one like him, The love of a soul to com -
 2. No oth - er so cares for his dear ones, No mat - ter how fee - ble, how
 3. There's no one with friendship so loyal, Or friendship that reaches so
 4. There nev - er was an - y one like him! I can not re - fuse him my

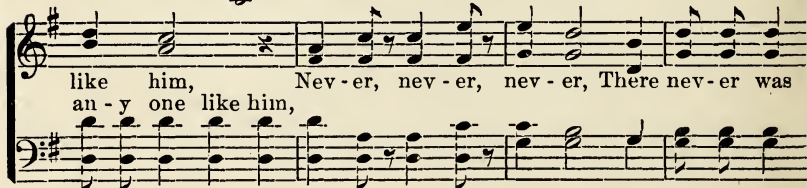


mand;
 small;
 far
 love;
 Like Je - sus, whose sym - pa - thy, boundless, Can
 There nev - er was an - y one like him, So
 As Je - sus, whose love in all tri - al Is
 And I in his foot - steps must fol - low Un -

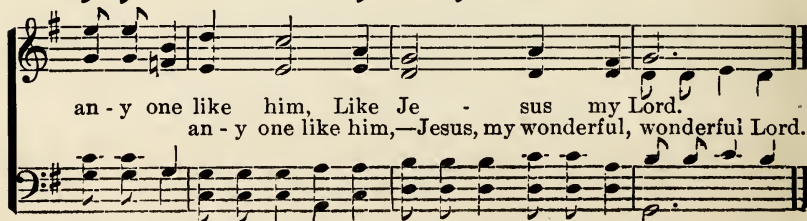
CHORUS.



ful - ly our hearts un - der - stand.
 pa - tient and ten - der to all. There nev - er was an - y one
 love no es - trange - ment can mar.
 til I may see him a - bove.



like him, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, There nev - er was
 an - y one like him,



an - y one like him, Like Je - sus my Lord.
 an - y one like him, — Jesus, my wonderful, wonderful Lord.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O Lord, de-scend in might-y pow'r And pen - te - cost - al flame;
 2. I'm tired of sin, and from its thrall I come to find re-lease;
 3. I seek sal - vation, peace and rest, And freedom from all sin;

Up - on my waiting heart this hour Inscribe thy sweet new name.
 Dear Je - sus, on thy name I call, Oh, fill me with thy peace.
 Come, take pos - ses-sion of my breast, And rule and reign with-in.

CHORUS.

For I want sal - vation, and I'm told that it is free; Send it

down, Lord, send it down just now! At the cross I'm waiting, let the
 send it down,

blessing fall on me; Send it down, Lord, send it down just now.
 send it down,

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Je - sus is my strength, my stay, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
 2. When temp-ta-tions vex my soul, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
 3. Be my cross now great, now small, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
 4. Let the way be dark or bright, It is wonder-ful how he helps,

won-der-ful how he helps! Strengthens me from day to day, It is
 won-der-ful how he helps! When high waves of trouble roll, It is
 won-der-ful how he helps! Gives me strength to bear it all, It is
 won-der-ful how he helps! Makes my heav-y bur-dens light, It is

CHORUS.
 wonder-ful how he helps on the way. It is wonder-ful how he helps!

wonderful how he helps! It is wonderful how he helps me ev-'ry day!

He is all my strength, my stay; It is wonderful how he helps on the way!

1. In my soul oft ris-es, bringing pain and woe, The a - larm-ing
 2. When be-fore me marshalled all my sins a - rise, Swords of flame that
 3. While life's storm is rag-ing, heaping up hope's wrecks, While delights al-

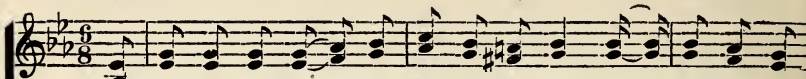
question, "Am I saved or no?" Then the Word brings comfort, it doth
 bar the gates of par - a-dise, Tho' oppressed with doubtings, still my
 lure and sore tempta-tions vex, I will cry, tho' fears and doubts my

ful - ly show, Tho' my faith may wa-ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast.
 soul re-plies, "Tho' my faith may wa-ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"
 soui perplex, "Tho' my faith may wa-ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"

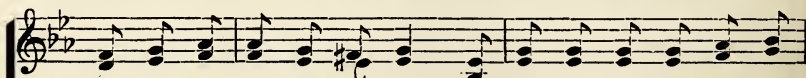
CHORUS.

The Rock stands fast! the Rock stands fast! Tho' my faith may waver, Christ, the

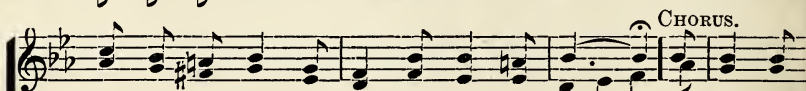
Rock, stands fast! Glo - ry be to God! Christ, the Rock stands fast!



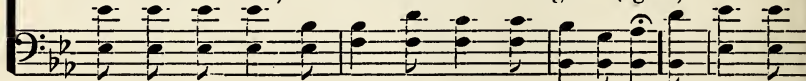
1. A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask him the
2. Ye chil-dren of men at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful



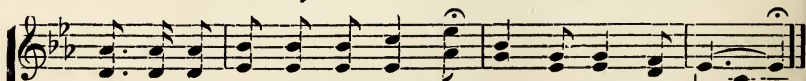
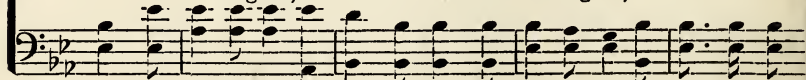
way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an-swer in
ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to
ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this



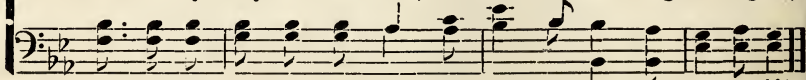
words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be
ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain" (again).



born a - gain,".. "Ye must be born a - gain,".... "I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain,

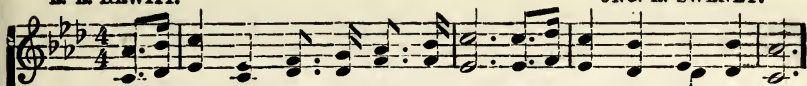


ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain" (again).

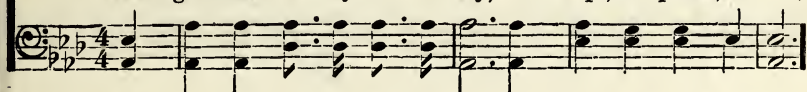


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



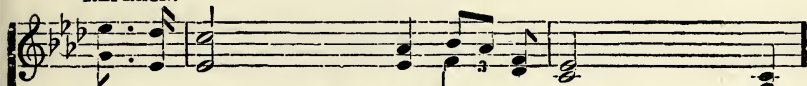
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King;
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



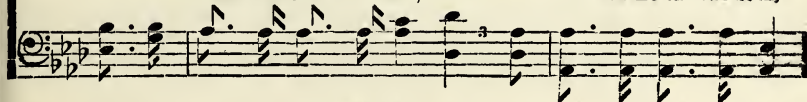
Than glows in al - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



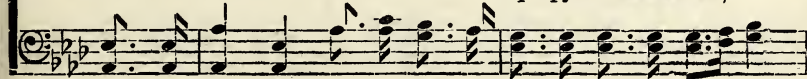
REFRAIN.



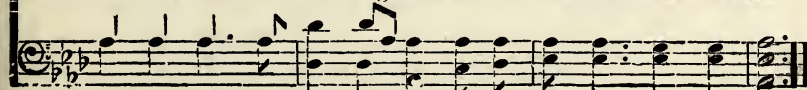
Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,



While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When
 hap - py mo - ments roll,

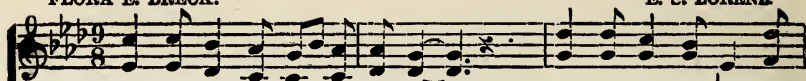


Je - sus shows his smil - ing face There is sun - shine in the soul

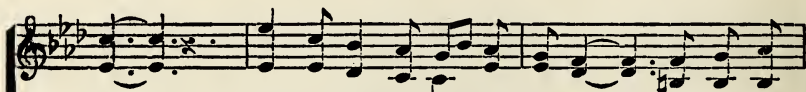
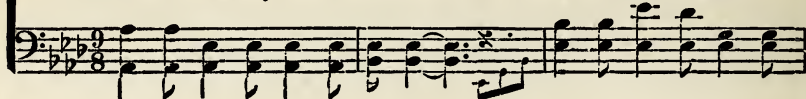


FLORA E. BRECK.

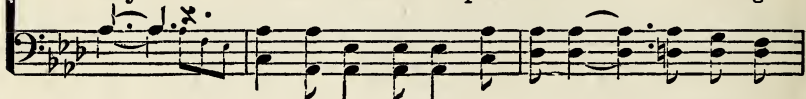
E. E. LORENZ.



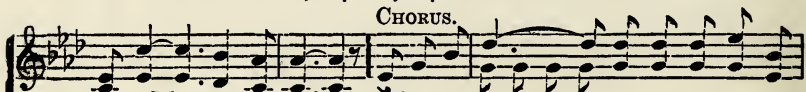
- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1. Life is full of clouds and sunshine, | Shadows come then pass a- |
| 2. When I walk thro' paths unbroken, | When in darkness on I |
| 3. Tho' temp-tations oft be-set me, | God is still my help and |
| 4. I will trust my heav'nly Fa-ther: | He whose love a-bides al- |



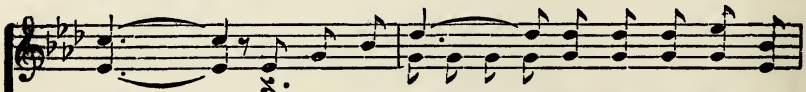
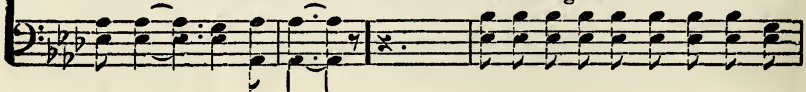
way,	But I know thro' all life's changes	God will go
stray,	God knows all my griefs un-spok-en,	He will go
stay;	Tho' all hu-man friends forsake me	He will go
way	Will not leave his helpless children—	He will go



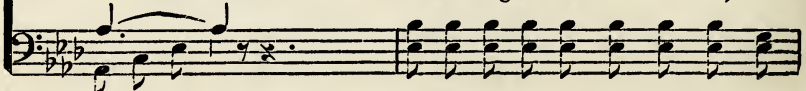
CHORUS.



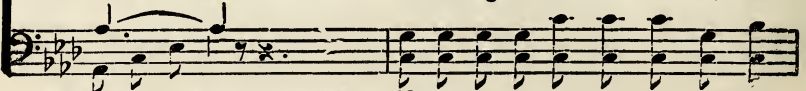
with me all the way! I am so glad.....that God's love I have
I am so glad



known!..... I am so glad..... that I'm nev-er a-
I have known! I am so glad that I'm nev-er, I'm



lone!..... I am so glad..... that I'm ev-er his
nev-er a-lone! I am so glad that I'm ev-er, I'm



GOD WILL GO WITH ME. Concluded.

own!..... God will go with me all the way!
ev - er his own!

17. GOD, HELP ME TO DO RIGHT.

I. B. W.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Tho' bur-dens may bend me, tho' troubles op-press, Tho' sin oft my
2. When-ev - er from thee I am tempted to stray, And wander in
3. Help me to be faith-ful in all that I do, Up-held by the

soul may af - fright, Oh, help me, blest Savior, thy name to con-fess,
sin's darkest night, Ne'er leave nor forsake me, dear Savior, I pray,
pow'r of thy might; To thee I would ev - er be loy - al and true,

CHORUS.

God, help me to do right. God, help me to do right! God, help me to do right!

By thy power divine, make my will wholly thine, God, help me to do right.

L. B.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his Ho-ly Word; I want to sing and pray, and be
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come shall
 err-ing to thy Word That points to joys on high, where

bus-y ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.
 all is peace and love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
 find a hap-py home In the king-dom of the Lord.
 pleas-ures nev-er die, In the king-dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, (and pray,) I will pray, (and work,) In the vine-yard, in the

vine-yard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will work, I will pray,

I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.

I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

19. OH, HOW HE LOVES ME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend, Oh, how he loves me;
2. Why he should come I can - not tell, Oh, how he loves me;
3. He died to save my soul from death, Oh, how he loves me;
4. He walks with me a - long life's road, Oh, how he loves me;
5. He has a home pre - pared for me, Oh, how he loves me;

He says his love will nev - er end, Oh, how he loves me;
 In my poor bro - ken heart to dwell, Oh, how he loves me;
 I'll praise him while he gives me breath, Oh, how he loves me;
 He car - ries ev - 'ry heav - y load, Oh, how he loves me;
 With him I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how he loves me;

CHORUS.

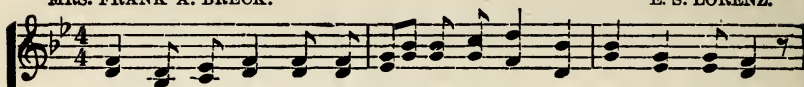
Oh, how he loves me, Oh, how he loves me;

I know not why, I on - ly cry, "Oh, how he loves me."

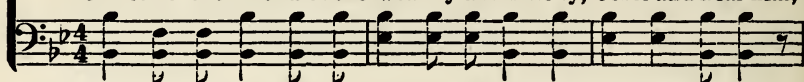
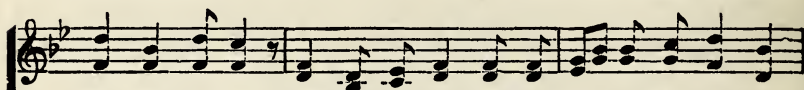
20. NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

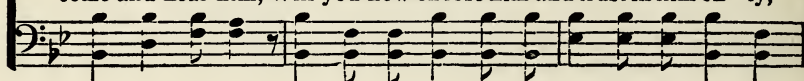
E. S. LORENZ.



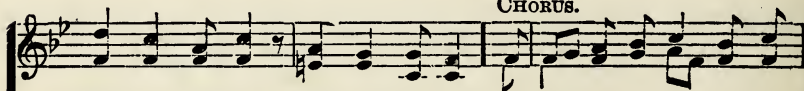
1. Christ is not will - ing that an - y should per - ish, No, not an - y!
2. Je - sus has furn - ished a bless - ed sal - va - tion, Great, wide, reaching,
3. Life may be yours if 'tis life you are choos - ing, Christ con - fess - ing,
4. Christ is the Friend of the wea - ry and lone - ly, Come and hear him,

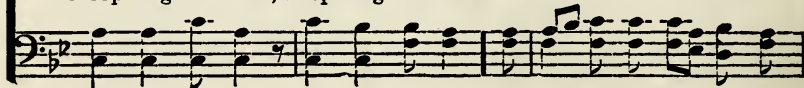
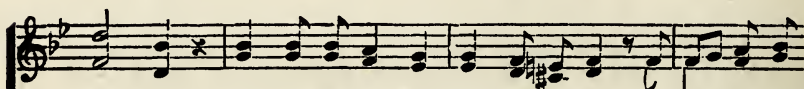
no, not an - y! Great is his love that can ten - der - ly cher - ish,
great, wide, reach - ing, Bid - ding us flee from sin's great con - dem - na - tion,
Christ con - fess - ing; Oh, do not per - ish, sal - va - tion re - fus - ing,
come and hear him; Will you now choose him and trust in him on - ly,



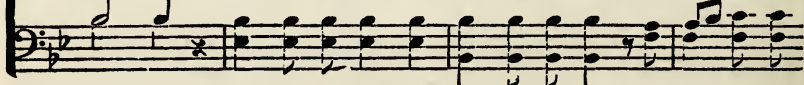
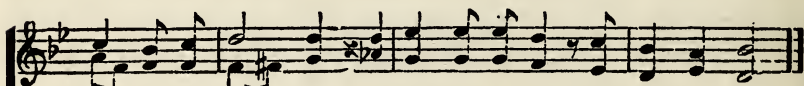
CHORUS.



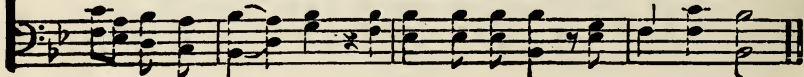
Bless so ma - ny, bless so ma - ny.
He's be - seech - ing, he's be - seech - ing. Not will - ing that an - y should
Seek his bless - ing, seek his bless - ing.
Keep - ing near him, keep - ing near him.

per - ish, He would save all, for this was he sent; Not willing that

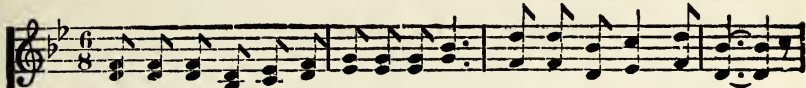
an - y should per - ish, He would save you, come now, repent!



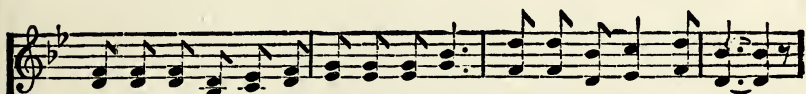
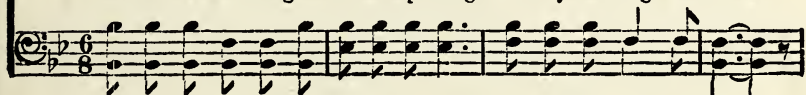
IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



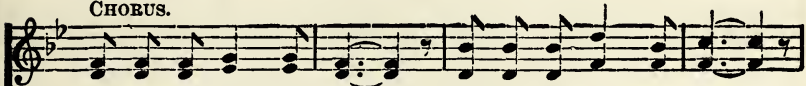
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



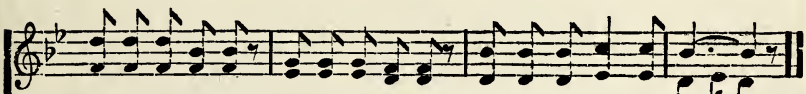
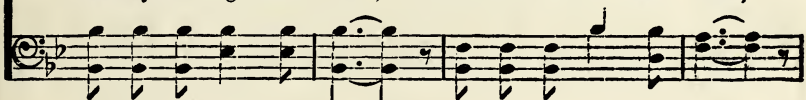
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does he each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



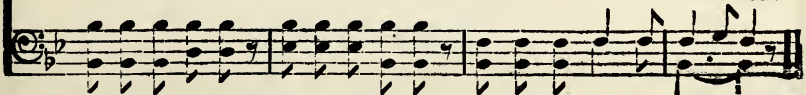
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
 of God?



22. WHEN THE HEART IS RIGHT WITH GOD.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a song I love to sing, e - ven prais-es to our King,
2. Then as friend communes with friend shall our wills in union blend,
3. When the break-ers threaten ill, we can wait his "peace be still,"
4. Vic - t'ry o'er the grave we sing, where, oh, Death, is now thy sting,

When the heart is right with God; There's a joy that does not
 When the heart is right with God; Then we'll love to do the
 When the heart is right with God; Fear gives place to ho - ly
 When the heart is right with God; Lift with con - fi-dence our

When the heart is right with God.

cease, and a deep a - bid - ing peace, When the heart is right with
 right find his serv - ice a de-light, When the heart is right with
 calm, life becomes one bliss-ful psalm, When the heart is right with
 eyes to our home be-yond the skies, When the heart is right with

When the heart is

CHORUS.

God. When the heart is right with God, All the
 right with God. is right with God,

past be - neath the blood, There is joy with-in the soul
 beneath the blood,

WHEN THE HEART IS RIGHT WITH GOD. Concluded.

Tides of glo - ry o'er us roll, When the heart is right with God.
right with God.

23.

AT CALVARY.

WM. R. NEWELL.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trembled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry thing, Now I glad-ly own him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan! Oh, the grace that brought it

cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me he died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul imploring turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King; Now my raptured soul can only sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul-ti-

plied to me, There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
 2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
 3. I shall see my Savior's face, When I get home; Sing a - gain of

burdens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry,
 light at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming,
 saving grace, When I get home; I shall stand be - fore him;

I shall sing the sto - ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward, Till I get home.
 Glad - ly I'll a - dore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.

CHORUS.

When I get home, When I get home, All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,

sorrow will be over, When I get home, When I get home, When
 When I get home, when I get home, When

WHEN I GET HOME. Concluded.

I get home, All sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home,

25. ONLY WHERE JESUS IS.

EMMA S. STILLWELL.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Where Je - sus is there all is bright, On - ly where Je - sus is!
2. Where Je - sus is love reigns a-lone, On - ly where Je - sus is!
3. Where Je - sus is faith finds her wings, On - ly where Je - sus is!
4. Where Je - sus is I fain would stay, On - ly where Je - sus is!

There no dread clouds make dark the night, On - ly where Je - sus is!
No room for hate, dis-trust or moan, On - ly where Je - sus is!
Be - yond all doubt ex-ult-ant springs, On - ly where Je - sus is!
For O my soul finds heav'nly day, On - ly where Je - sus is!

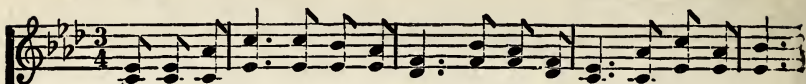
CHORUS.

On - ly where Je - sus is!..... On - ly where Je - sus is!.....
Je - sus is! Je - sus is!

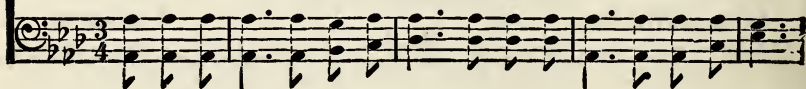
Where Je - sus is there all is bright, On - ly where Je - sus is!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



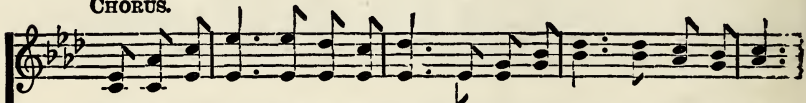
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-b-ove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



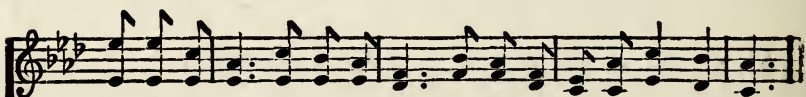
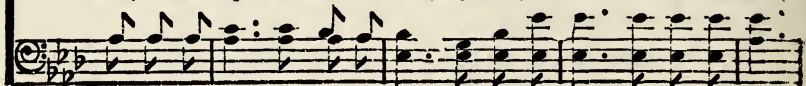
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



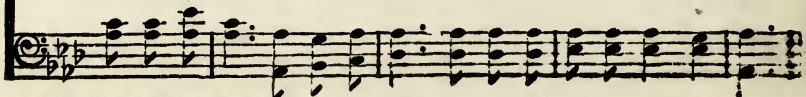
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



27. WHAT A WONDERFUL PLACE IT WOULD BE.

JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. If all in this city whose souls are astray Would yield to the blessed Re-
2. If all of this nation to-day would begin To wea-ry of wearing the
3. If ev-e-ry sinner on earth would believe That none but the Savior sai-

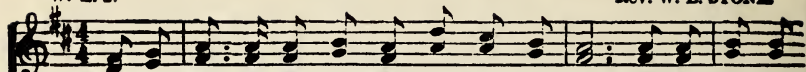
deem-er to-day, And fol - low him closely whatever the way, What a
fet - ters of sin, And open their hearts for the Lord to come in, What a
va-tion could give; If all would this wonderful blessing receive, What a

CHORUS.

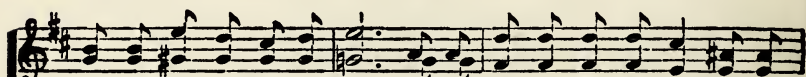
wonderful { place
land
world } it would be. What a wonderful { place
land
world } it would

be,..... What a wonderful { place
land
world } it would be;..... With
it would be; it would be;

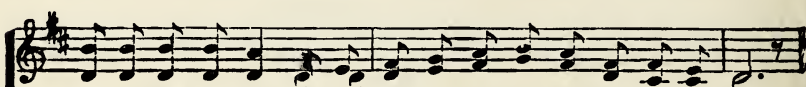
every soul under Jesus' control, What a wonderful { place
land
world } it would be.



1. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus and his love, How he left his
 2. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus as he went Ev - 'rywhere, to
 3. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus on the tree, For it shows how
 4. Oh, my dear and precious Sav - ior, at thy feet Here I give my -



Father's mansion far a - bove, How he came on earth to live, How he
 do his Father's will in - tent; How he gave the blind their sight, How he
 great the love that died for me; And the blood that from his side Flowed, when
 self and all I have complete; I will serve thee all my days With a

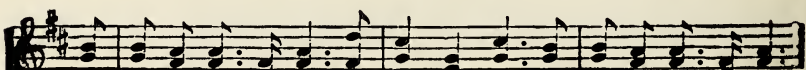


came his life to give, Oh, I love to read of Je - sus and his love.
 gave the wronged ones right, How he swift deliv'rance to the captive sent.
 on the cross he died, Paid my debt and evermore doth make me free.
 heart all filled with praise, And I'll thank thee face to face when we shall meet.

CHORUS.



"It's just like him" to take my sins a-way, To make me glad and free,



To keep me day by day; "It's just like him" to give his life for me,

IT'S JUST LIKE HIM. Concluded.

That I might go to heav-en, and ev - er with him be.

29.

THEY'RE ALL TAKEN AWAY!

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oppressed with grief and with burdens sore, In sin I wandered a - stray;
 2. My Savior's coming no more I dread, My sins no longer dis - may;
 3. My heart re-joic-es in perfect peace, My Lord I glad-ly o - bey;
 4. My sins, tho' grievous, the Sav-ior used His wondrous love to dis - play;

My Sav-ior found me, my sins he bore, They're all tak-en a - way
 To purge their stain, on the cross he bled, They're all tak-en a - way.
 From sin's great burden I found release, They're all tak-en a - way.
 He freed my soul, tho' I long refused, They're all tak-en a - way.

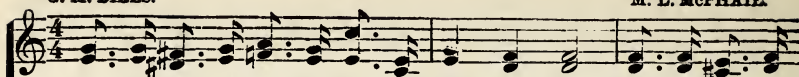
CHORUS.

They're all tak-en a - way! away! They're all tak-en a - way!....
 a-way!

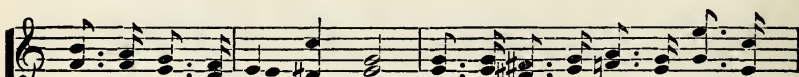
My sins, tho' ma - ny, ap - pall no more, They're all tak-en a - way.

G. M. BILLS.

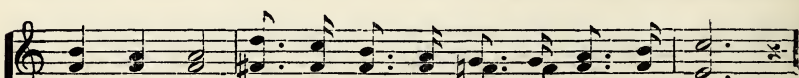
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. Trusting in the Sav-ior who has ransomed me; Paid the debt of
 2. Feasting in the pastures where all want is o'er— By the liv-ing
 3. En - ter-ing the ho - lies by the liv - ing way; In the path of
 4. Im - age of the Fa-ther, I have heard thy voice, Roy-al im-mor-



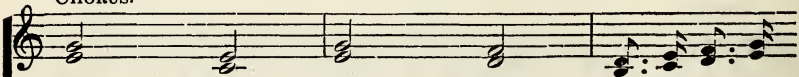
sinner on the curs - ed tree; By the blood of sprinkling I am
 wat-ers I can thirst no more; Passing to redemption by the
 shadows I no long - er stray; Love assures my welcome to the
 tal - i - ty is now my choice; Ut - ter-most sal-va-tion makes my



now set free,
 on - ly door,
 realms of day,
 heart re - joice,

Trusting in the Sav - ior of the lost.

CHORUS.

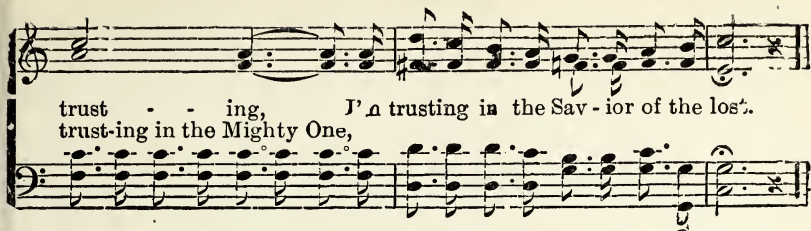


Trust - ing, trust - - ing, Trusting in the
 Trusting in the mighty One, trusting in the mighty One,



mighty One who sealed my par - don; Trust - - ing,
 Trusting in the mighty One,

TRUSTING IN THE MIGHTY ONE. Concluded

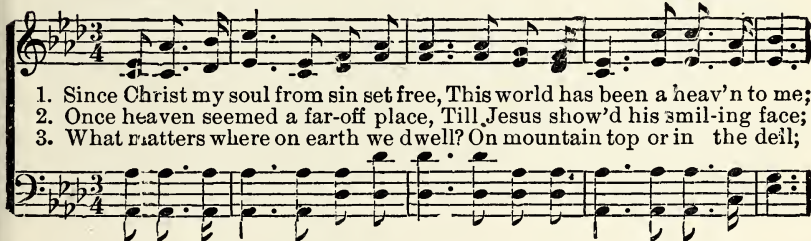


trust - - ing, I'm trusting in the Sav - ior of the lost.
trust-ing in the Mighty One,

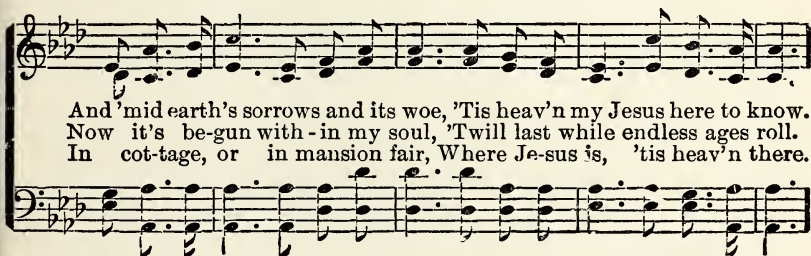
31. WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

B. F. BUTLER.

J. M. ELACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus show'd his smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top or in the dell;

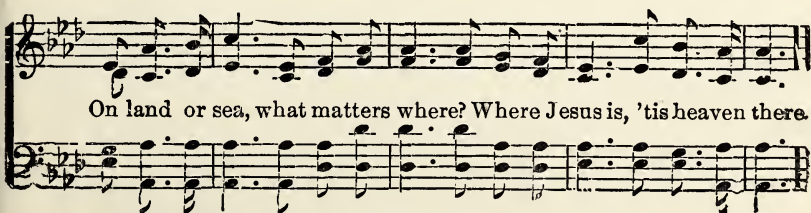


And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless ages roll.
In cot-tage, or in mansion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav'n there.

CHORUS.



Oh, hal-le-lu-jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where? Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, leaning on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic-es from the Homeland shore fainter grow, as they implore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting drift-ing down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
drifting, slowly drifting, drift-ing down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your
drifting, slowly drifting, drift-ing down; O my brother, do not wait! heed them

D. S. Father's lov-ing care, To the

*Rit. ad lib.**Fine.*

o - cean wild and wide, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift-ed down.

black-ness of de-spair, You are drifting, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.

CHORUS. *Rit.**a tempo.**Rit.**a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drifting, slowly drifting, you are slowly drifting down

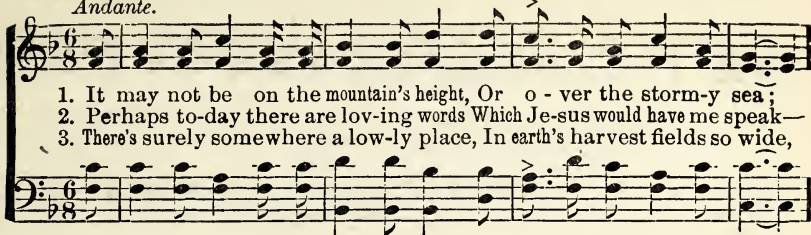
dark and aw - ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a
dark and aw - ful sea; You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing,

33. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

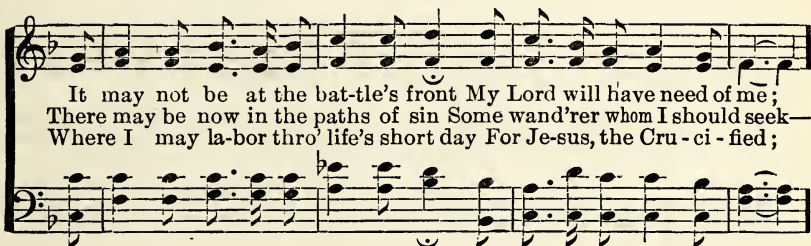
MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

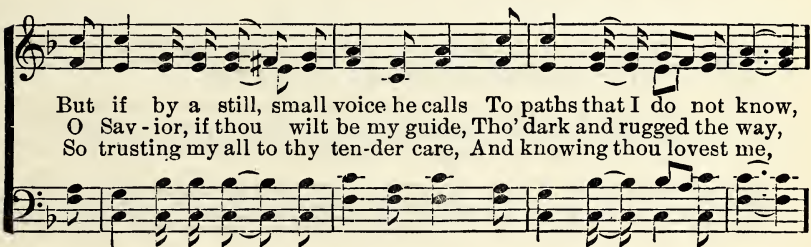
Andante.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied;



But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lovest me,

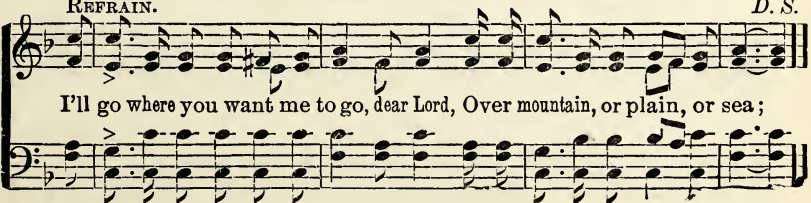


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, "I'll go where you want me to go."
 My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S. I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

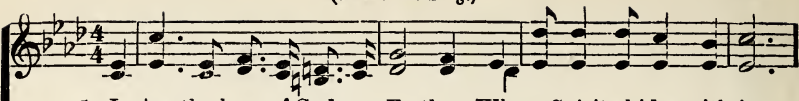
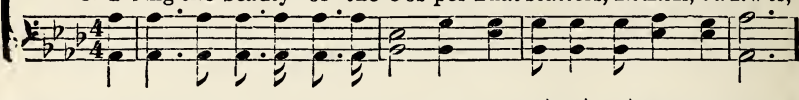


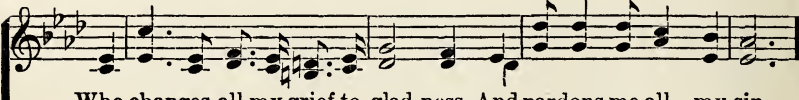
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

J. G. C.

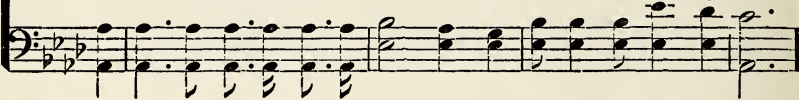
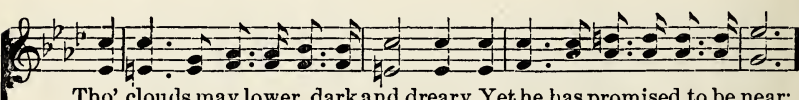
(First Prize Song.)

J. G. CRABBE.

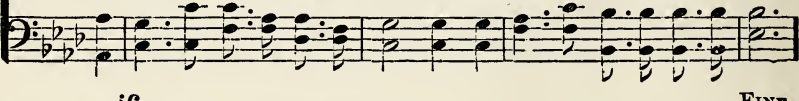
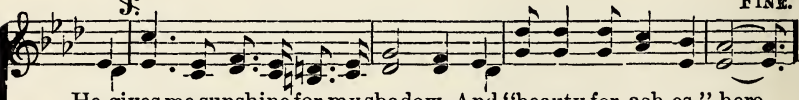
- 
1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit abides with-in;
 2. I sing the love of Christ, my Savior, Who suf-ered upon the tree;
 3. I sing the beauty of the Gos-pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;
- 



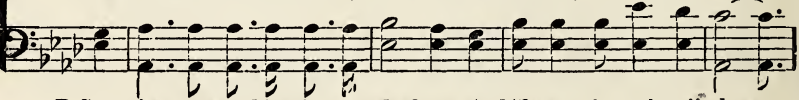
Who changes all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin.
That, in the se-cret of his pres-ence, My bond-age might free-dom be.
That bids me scat-ter smiles and sun-beams Where-ver are lone-ly hours.

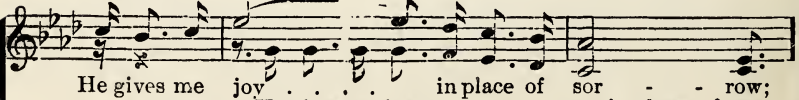
Tho' clouds may lower, dark and dreary, Yet he has promised to be near;
He comes "to bind the broken hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
The "garment of his praise" it of-fers For "heaviness of spir-it," drear;

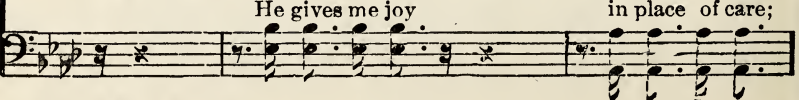
He gives me sun-shine for my shadow, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourn-ing, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.
It gives me sun-shine for my shadow, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.



D.S.— gives me sun-shine for my shadow, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.
CHORUS.



He gives me joy in place of sor-row;
He gives me joy in place of care;



BEAUTY FOR ASHES. Concluded.

D. S.

He gives me love..... that casts out fear He
 He gives me love that casts out fear;

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a dotted line indicating a continuation. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

35. WHEN IS CHRIST COMING?

HORACE EATON WALKER.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. He is com-ing when you love him, When you love him as you should;
 2. He is com-ing in his glo - ry When the world shall find his love;
 3. So, he's waiting, ev - er wait - ing, For the whole world to pro-claim:
 4. He is waiting for the sum-mons Till the world's door stands ajar;

The musical score is in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

When your heart is pure and hon - est, And the world you have with-stood.
 When the Church knows only Je - sus, Seeks the home prepared a - bove.
 "On our knees we ask thy coming; Christ, we breathe thy ho-ly name!"
 He will come if we but ask him, Let us ask, he is not far.

The musical score continues with the same treble and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Yes, he's com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, He is com - ing with his love;

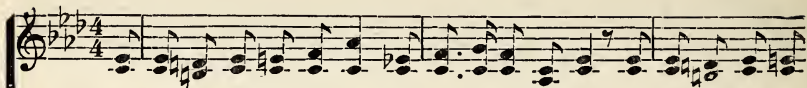
The chorus is written in the same musical notation as the previous sections.

When the world shall bow and ask him: "Come, oh Jesus, from a-bove!"

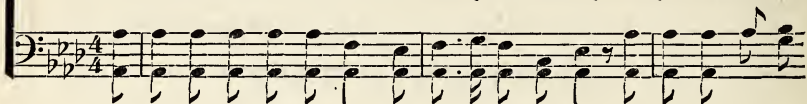
The final section of the song is written in the same musical notation.

MRS. CORA M. TURRELL

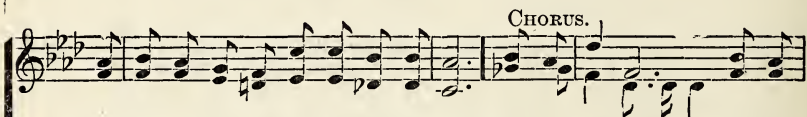
E. S. LORENZ.



1. The gentle Shepherd wandered at evening with his flock, In valleys that were
2. The sun sank low, and lower, but still I wandered on, Unmindful of the
3. But darkness settled quickly, and ere I was a-ware How ver-y wild and
4. Oh, wand'rer, whom the Savior in mer-cy calls to-day, Obey his voice and



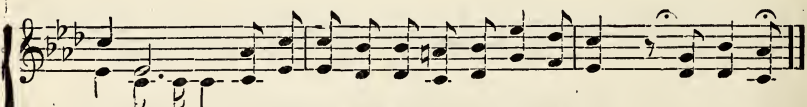
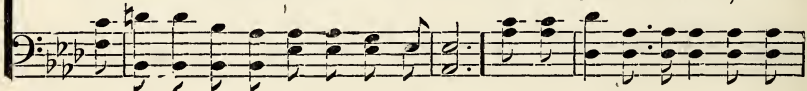
fertile, fresh, and fair; I strayed upon the hillside amid the stone and rock,
gentle voice that called; I tho't to turn and follow before the light was gone,
rough the way had grown, I could not see the Shepherd; his voice I could not hear;
fol - low near his side, Before the earth-born darkness his form shall hide away;



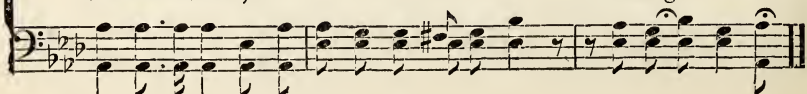
CHORUS.

In hopes of finding richer dainties there. Now I'm outside! Now I'm
And with the rest to en-ter safe the fold. outside the fold!

And I was left to wander on a-lone.
And with his sheep infolded safe a-bide. Tho' you're outside, Tho' you're
outside the fold,



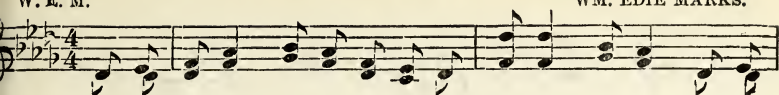
outside! All the rest are safely fold-ed, While I am out-side!
outside the fold! While I
outside, Still the loving Shepherd's seek-ing To bring you in-side!
outside the fold, To bring



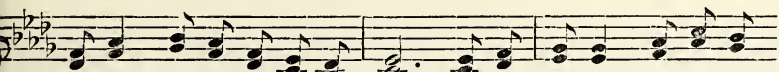
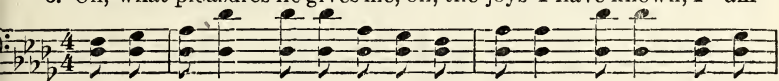
37. I AM HAPPY IN JESUS.

W. E. M.

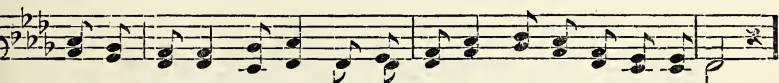
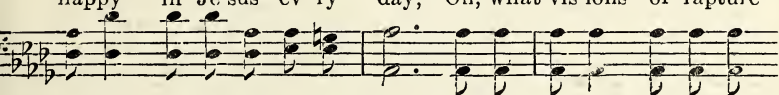
WM. EDIE MARKS.



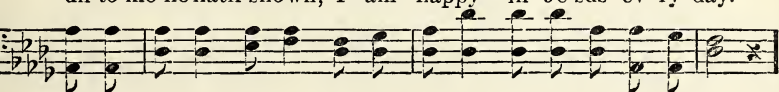
1. I have found what I wanted, what I sought for so long, I am
2. Since I first found a pardon for the sins of my soul, I've been
3. Oh, what pleasures he gives me, oh, the joys I have known; I am



happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; He has giv-en contentment,
happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; For he took me and cleansed me
happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; Oh, what vis-ions of rapture



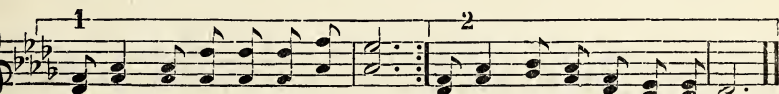
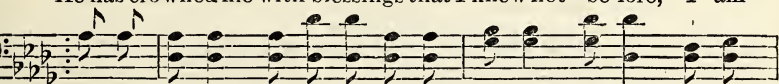
he has filled me with song; I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.
and he then made me whole, And I'm happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.
un-to me he hath shown; I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.



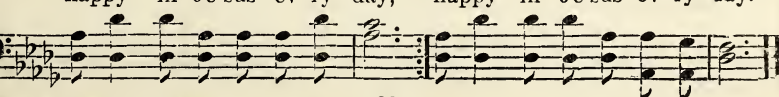
CHORUS.



I am dai-ly enraptured and my cup run-neth o'er, I am
He has crowned me with blessings that I knew not be-fore, I am



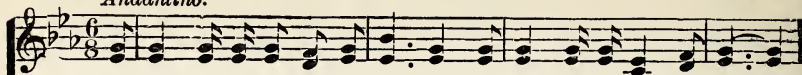
happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.



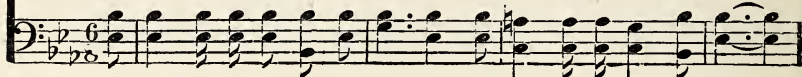

EMMA PITT.

Andantino.


H. W. PORTER.



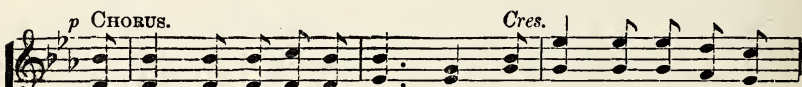
1. *p* The voice of the Spirit is woo-ing, It comes when the clouds draw near;
 2. *f* The voice of the Spirit is mighty, And breaks thro' the chains of sin;
 3. *p* The voice of the Spirit is ten-der, And lov-ing-ly comes to woo;

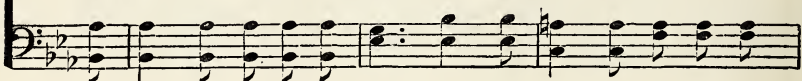
It breathes in the heart's soft sigh-ing, And rests on the fall-ing tear.
 It comes when life's storms are heavy, When fierce waves are rolling in.
 Then o-pen your heart; he'll en-ter, He's calling in love to you.



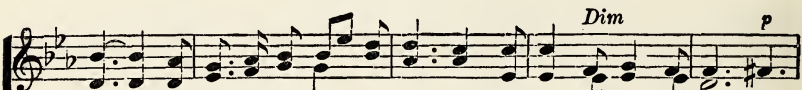
p CHORUS. *Cres.*



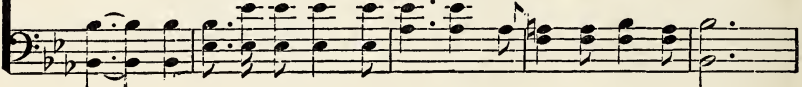
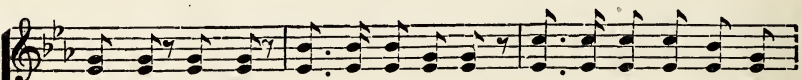
The sweet, low voice of the Spir - it That Je - sus left for us



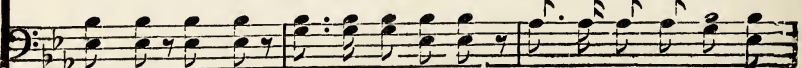
Dim *p*



all, Is leading us on to love him, Oh, heed his gracious call; Now

call-ing, call-ing, ten-der-ly calling; ten-der-ly call-ing to



THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT. Concluded.

Rit.

pp

you; Still calling, calling, tenderly calling, Calling in love to you.

39

WHEN JESUS KNOCKS

(May be sung as Solo or Duet.)

(Tenor and Base notes should be played or sung very softly.)

Mrs. H. D. CARMICHAEL.

J. H. TENNEY.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. When Je - sus knocks, | our startled eyes | See cherished |
| 2. He knocks a - gain, | and long-ing eyes | Catch a sweet |
| 3. When Je - sus knocks | sometimes we see | But wea - ry |
| 4. When Je - sus knocks, | oh! heart of mine | Grieved not the |

pp

sins	in loathsome guise:	The e - vil thought,	we
glimpse	of Par - a - dise,	Of "pastures green,"	of
pil -	grim guest, may-be,—	Tho' food nor shel -	ter
mes -	sen - ger di - vine:	Say not to him,	"Some

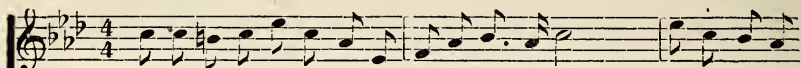
scarce confessed;	Crawls out and mocks	us with the rest,
"wa - ters still,"—	And an - gel pin	ions fan and thrill,
crav-eth he:	"Give me thine heart,"	the on - ly plea,
oth - er day:"	The gra-cious time	may pass a - way,

Rit. pp

When Je - sus knocks, When Je - sus knocks, When Je - sus knocks.

INA DULEY OGDON.

J. S. FEARIS.


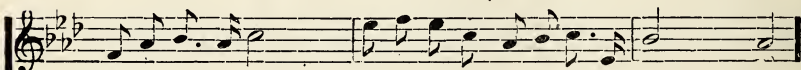


1. Ere you left the homestead in the vanished long a-go,
2. When you sought the world she bade you take this faithful Friend,
3. Far from grace you wandered in the weary passing years,
4. Once again you promised when her pilgrim work was done,


When your heart was
Begged you to con-
Patient-ly she
When she went in



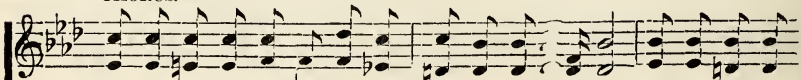
happy and your soul was pure as snow, You were bade to Je - sus' feet, his
fess Him and in him your soul defend; Oft you vowed to claim him and to
suffered and endured her grief and fears; Ma - ny times you told her you would
triumph to receive her golden crown, When she said, "thro' Christ a - lone were

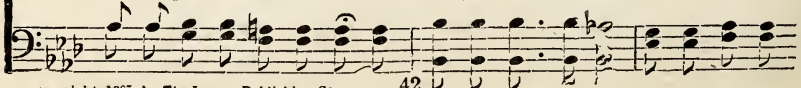
shelt'ring love to know, Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
trust him to the end, Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
heed the pray'rs and tears, Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
life and vic-t'ry won," Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.



CHORUS.



Don't for-get those ten-der hands that soothed your cares a way; Don't forget that



THE PROMISE MADE TO MOTHER. Concluded.

gen-tle face, those tresses thin and gray; And don't for- get her Sav - ior,
who is calling you to-day; Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.

41. ANSWER HIM, "LORD, I WILL."

JENNIE WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Je - sus is call-ing you to the light, Sweet-ly his ac - cents thrill;
2. Je - sus is bidding you at his feet All of your sins to lay;
3. Je - sus invites you to come in faith, Laden with grief and blame;
4. 'Bid all your hin - der - ing doubts de - part, Cling to Christ's promise still;

FINE.

While he is bidding you come to - night, On - ly say, "Lord, I will."
He will give pardon and peace complete, Taking your guilt a - way.
"I will for-give you," his dear voice saith; Trust in his sav - ing name.
While he is say - ing, "Give me thine heart," Answer him, "Lord, I will."

D.S. — While he so tender-ly bids you come, Answer him, "Lord I will."

CHORUS. **D.S.**

On - ly say, "Lord, I will, I will!" On - ly say, "Lord I will, I will!"

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1. { When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall
 2. { When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the
 3. { On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in
 4. { When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-
 5. { Let us la-lor for the Mas-ter, from the dawn till
 6. { Then when all of life is o-ver, and our work on

be no more, And the morning breaks e-ter-nal, bright and fair,
 oth-er shore, And the (Omit.)
 Christ shall rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share;
 yond the skies, And the (Omit.)
 set-ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
 earth is done, And the (Omit.)

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
 When the roll is
 D. S. roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

called up yon-der, When the roll is called up
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

WHEN HE CALLS. Concluded.

yon - - der, When the roll is called up yonder, When the
yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon-der,

A. D. S.

43.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the lit-tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin ;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

MARY SLATER.

L. E. JONES.

1. All my hopes are fixed upon the Father's on - ly Son; Je - sus is my
 2. From the love and pow'r of e - vil he gives full re - lease; Je - sus is my
 3. With my Lord beside me there's no room for doubt or fear; Je - sus is my

Sav - ior, is he yours? Hid with Christ in God a - bid - ing,
 Sav - ior, is he yours? To my troub - led spir - it he hath
 Sav - ior, is he yours? In the hour of pain and tri - al

till my work is done; Je - sus is my Sav - ior, is he yours?
 giv - en per - fect peace; Je - sus is my Sav - ior, is he yours?
 he is ev - er near; Je - sus is my Sav - ior, is he yours?

CHORUS.
 Is he yours?..... Is he yours? Je - sus Christ is my Re -
 Is he yours? Is he yours?

deem - er, is he yours? Of his love and grace I sing,
 is he yours?

IS HE YOURS? Concluded.



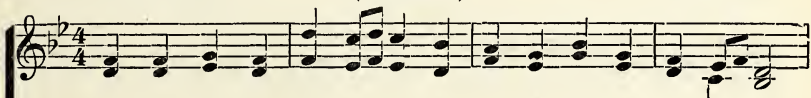
While my heart crowns him its King; Je - sus is my Sav - ior, is he yours?

45. LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

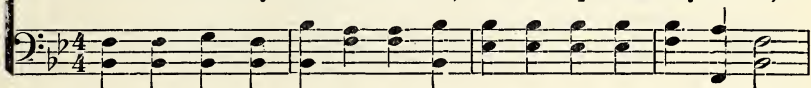
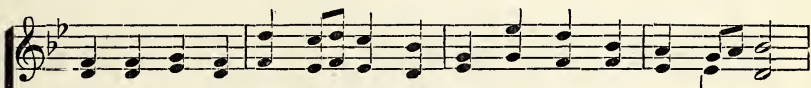
CHARLES WESLEY.

(BEECHER.)

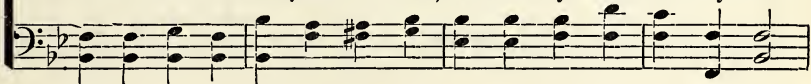
JOHN ZUNDEL.



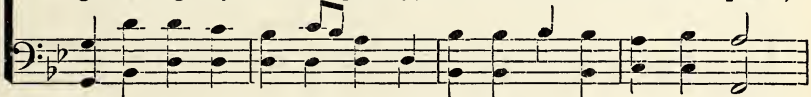
1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spotless may we be;

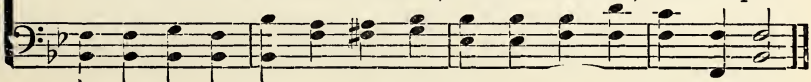
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by thee!




Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;

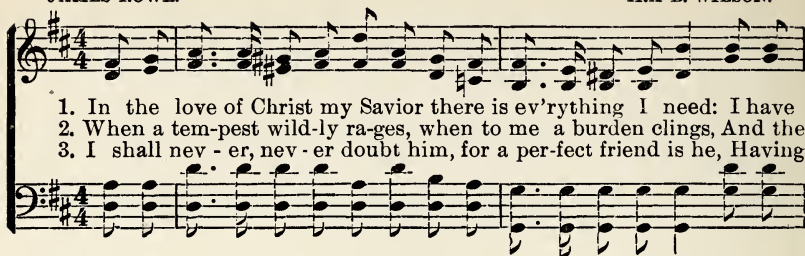



Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

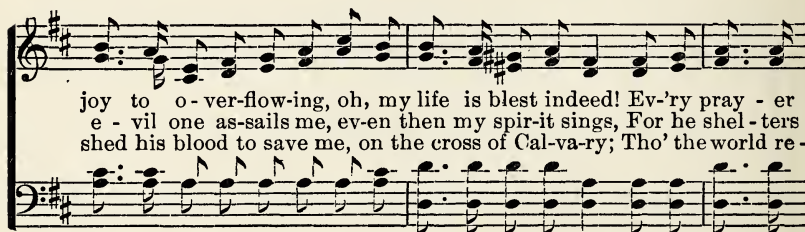


JAMES ROWE.

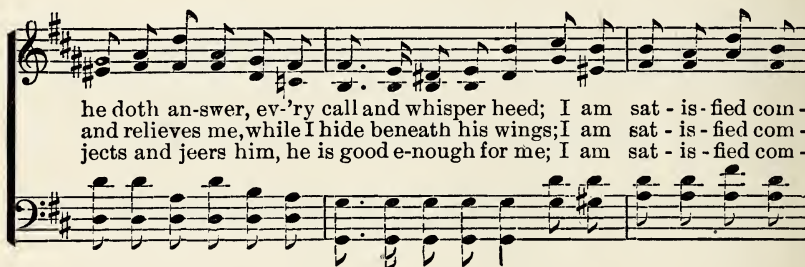
IRA B. WILSON.



1. In the love of Christ my Savior there is ev'rything I need: I have
 2. When a tem-pest wild-ly ra-ges, when to me a burden clings, And the
 3. I shall nev - er, nev - er doubt him, for a per-fect friend is he, Having

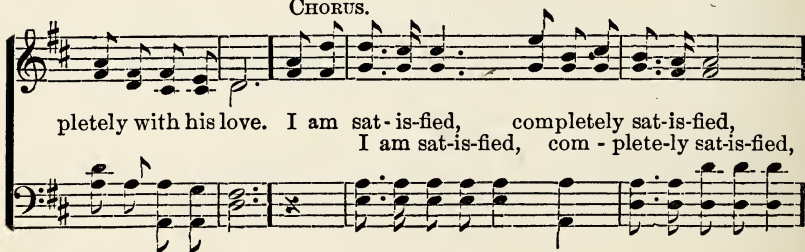


joy to o-ver-flow-ing, oh, my life is blest indeed! Ev'-ry pray - er
 e - vil one as-sails me, ev-en then my spir-it sings, For he shel-ters
 shed his blood to save me, on the cross of Cal-va-ry; Tho' the world re-

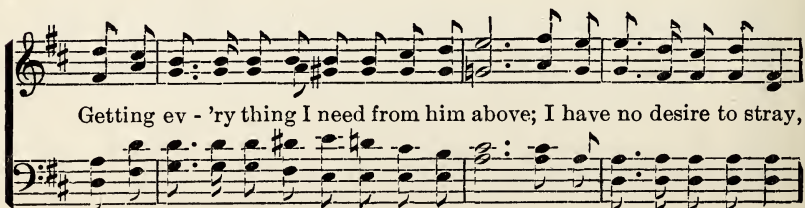


he doth an-swer, ev'-ry call and whisper heed; I am sat - is - fied com -
 and relieves me, while I hide beneath his wings; I am sat - is - fied com -
 jects and jeers him, he is good e-nough for me; I am sat - is - fied com -

CHORUS.

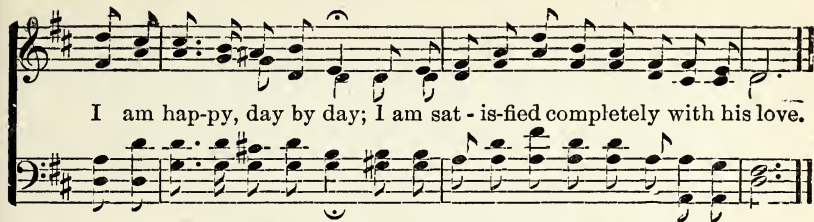


pletely with his love. I am sat-is-fied, completely sat-is-fied,
 I am sat-is-fied, com - plete-ly sat-is-fied,



Getting ev - 'ry thing I need from him above; I have no desire to stray,

SATISFIED COMPLETELY. Concluded.

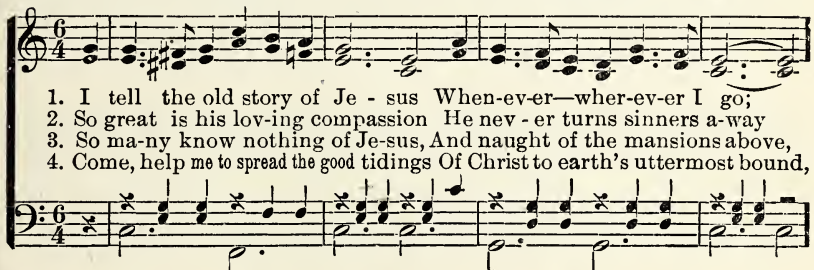


I am hap-py, day by day; I am sat - is-fied completely with his love.

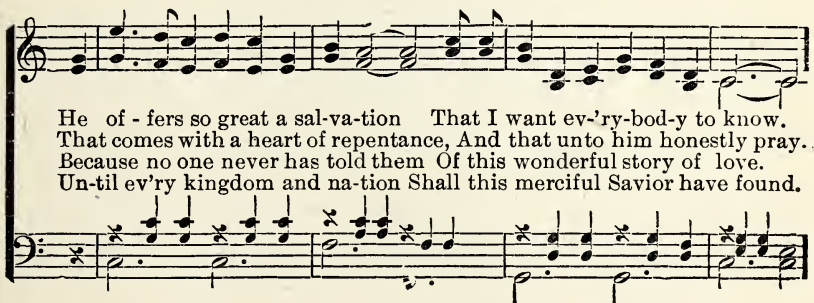
47. I WANT EVERYBODY TO KNOW.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

WINNIE M. GABRIELSON.

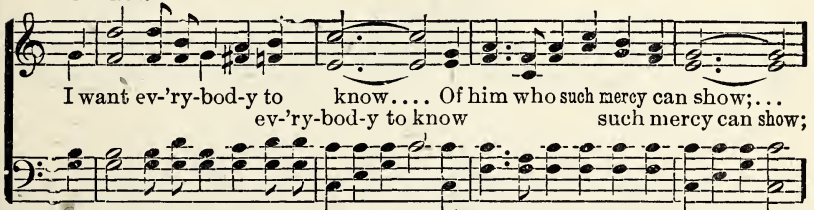


1. I tell the old story of Je - sus When-ev-er—wher-ev-er I go;
2. So great is his lov-ing compassion He nev - er turns sinners a-way
3. So ma-ny know nothing of Je-sus, And naught of the mansions above,
4. Come, help me to spread the good tidings Of Christ to earth's uttermost bound,

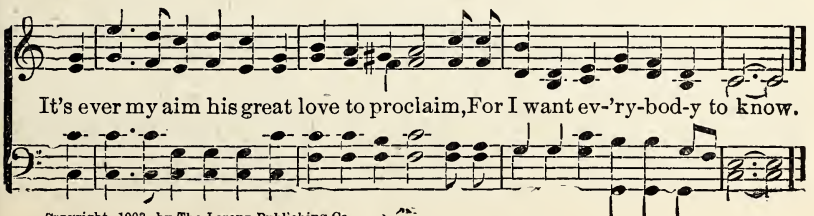


He of - fers so great a sal-va-tion That I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
That comes with a heart of repentance, And that unto him honestly pray.
Because no one never has told them Of this wonderful story of love.
Un-til ev'ry kingdom and na-tion Shall this merciful Savior have found.

CHORUS.



I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.... Of him who such mercy can show;...
ev-'ry-bod-y to know such mercy can show;



It's ever my aim his great love to proclaim, For I want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Softly and tend-er-ly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

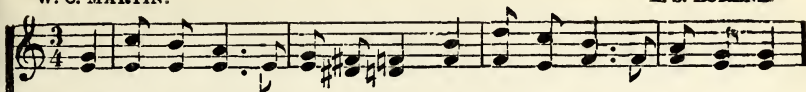
m CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home,
 Come home, come home,

Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

W. C. MARTIN.

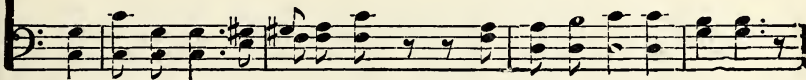
E. S. LORENZ.



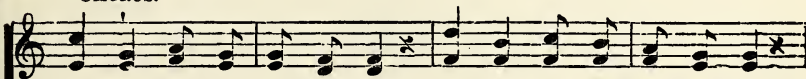
1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat :
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears apart ;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well ;



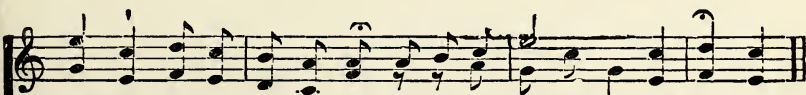
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anxious fears depart— I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu - sic dries the falling tear ; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its prais - es ever swell ! Oh, praise the name of Je - sus !
 Oh, praise the name



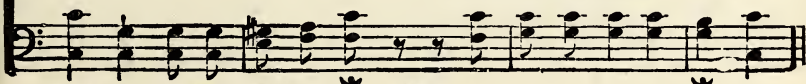
CHORUS.



"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name ! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same ;

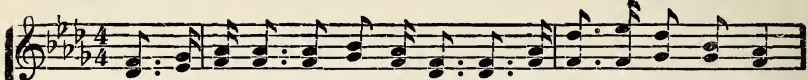


"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise

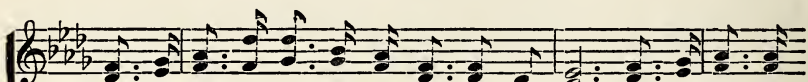


J. B. M.

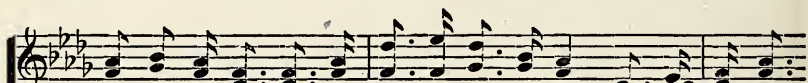
J. B. MACKAY.



1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who understands our hearts,
 2. Is there an - y - one can help us who can give a sin - ner peace,
 3. Is there an - y - one can help us when the end is draw - ing near,

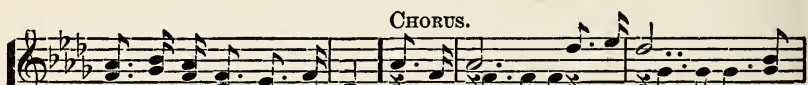


When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa -
 When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the
 Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the

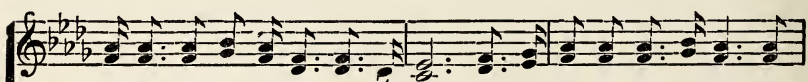


thiz - es with us, who in wondrous love imparts Just the ver - y,
 word of pardon that af - fords a sweet release, And whose blood can
 way be - fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our

CHORUS.



ver - y blessing that we need? Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The
 wash and make us white as snow?
 spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide? Yes, there's One, on - ly One,



blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When afflictions press the soul, when

HE'S THE ONE. Concluded.

waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

51. IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buffet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—Oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't!—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil-lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help-less es-part, but the whole—Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de-

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well.....
 tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
 scend, "E-ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is

..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
 well, with my soul,

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Out on the cold bar-ren mountains of sin Je - sus is looking, is
 2. For you so free-ly he suffered and died, Je - sus is pleading, is
 3. O - ver and o - ver with patience untold, Je - sus is call-ing, is
 4. Thro' the night watches and all the day long, Je - sus is wait-ing, is
 5. Gone to pre-pare you a robe and a crown, Je - sus is com-ing, is

look - ing for you; Striving your heart and af-fec-tions to win, Je - sus is
 plead-ing for you; Points to his hands and his spear-wounded side, Je - sus is
 call - ing for you; Long-ing to gath-er you safe in his fold, Je - sus is
 wait - ing for you; Nev-er was love so enduring and strong, Je - sus is
 com - ing for you; Safe-ly to gather his loved and his own, Je - sus is

CHORUS.

look - ing for you.	Look - ing,	look - ing.....	With
plead - ing for you.	Plead - ing,	plead - ing.....	With
call - ing for you.	Call - ing,	call - ing.....	With
wait - ing for you.	Wait - ing,	wait - ing.....	With
com - ing for you.	Com - ing,	com - ing.....	With

Look - ing for you, he is look - ing for you,

heart that is con-stant and true (so true); He came from his throne to

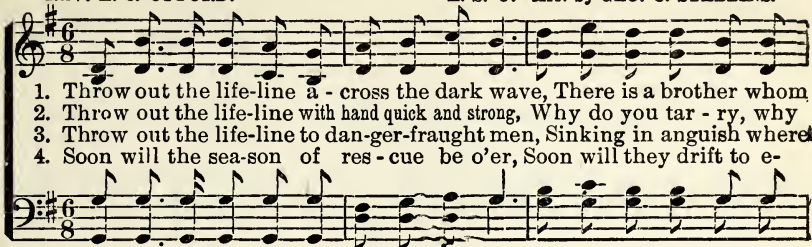
claim you his own, And now he is looking (etc.) for you.
 is look - ing for you.

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

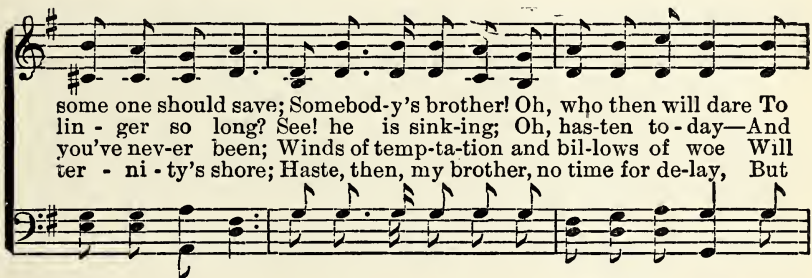
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

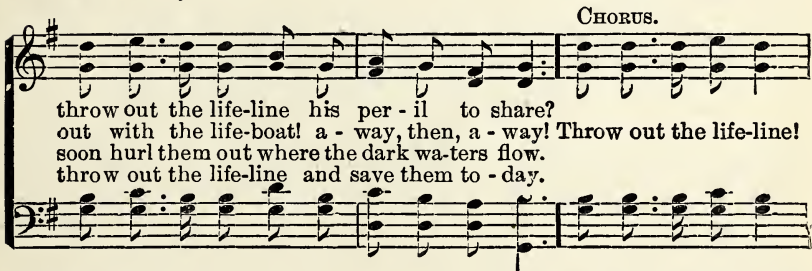


1. Throw out the life-line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, why
 3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

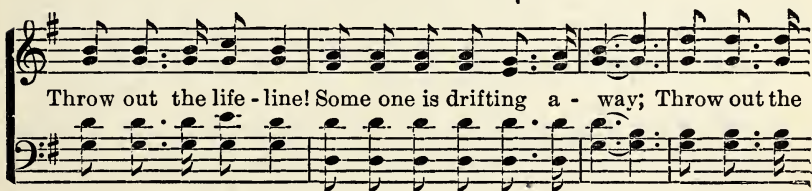


some one should save; Somebod-y's brother! Oh, who then will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; Oh, has-ten to-day—And
 you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste, then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But

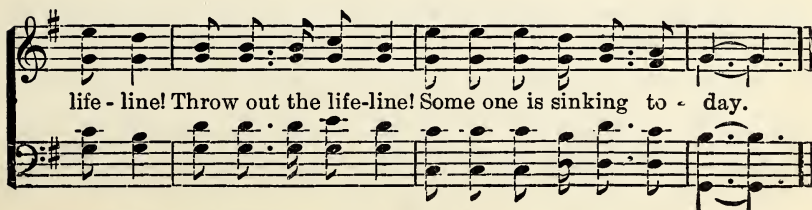
CHORUS.



throw out the life-line his per - il to share?
 out with the life-boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the life-line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
 throw out the life-line and save them to - day.



Throw out the life - line! Some one is drifting a - way; Throw out the

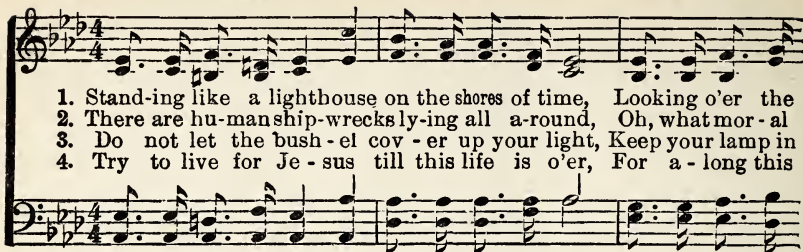


life - line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is sinking to - day.

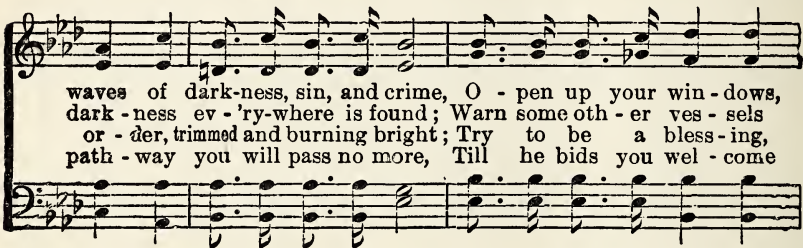
54. LET THE GOSPEL LIGHT SHINE OUT.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

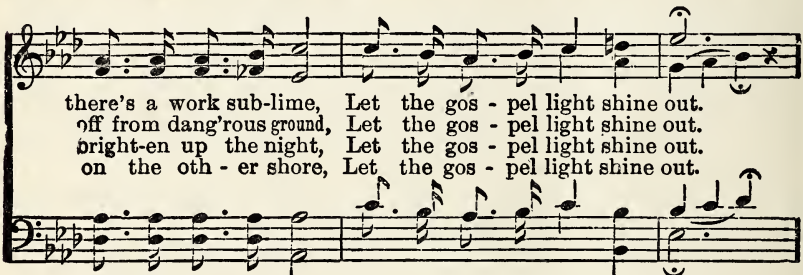
ADAM GEIBEL



1. Stand-ing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the
 2. There are hu-manship-wrecks ly-ing all a-round, Oh, what mor-al
 3. Do not let the bush-el cov-er up your light, Keep your lamp in
 4. Try to live for Je-sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this

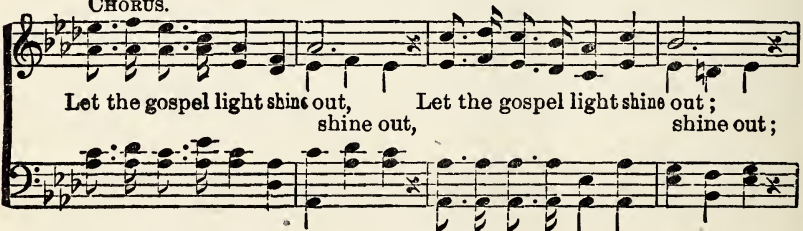


waves of dark-ness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your win-dows,
 dark-ness ev-'ry-where is found; Warn some oth-er ves-sels
 or-der, trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless-ing,
 path-way you will pass no more, Till he bids you wel-come

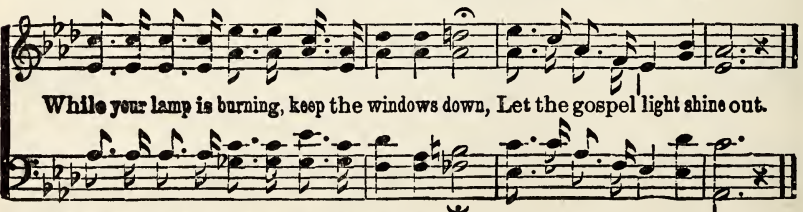


there's a work sub-lime, Let the gos-pel light shine out.
 off from dang'rous ground, Let the gos-pel light shine out.
 bright-en up the night, Let the gos-pel light shine out.
 on the oth-er shore, Let the gos-pel light shine out.

CHORUS.



Let the gospel light shine out, Let the gospel light shine out;
 shine out, shine out;



While your lamp is burning, keep the windows down, Let the gospel light shine out.

DELIA T. WHITE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor sin - ful heart, To keep me
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will - ing
 3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac - cept - ed

ev - 'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spir - it came To
 off'ring now, My all from day to day. My Sav - ior paid the price, My
 in the Son, He saves me by his grace; All glo - ry be to God! Let

take supreme control, The love-en-kindled flame Is burning in my soul.
 name he sweetly calls; Up-on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.
 hal - le - lu - jah's roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

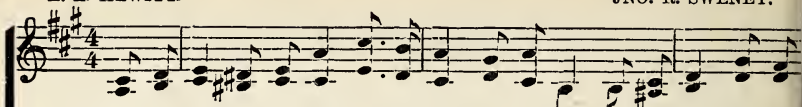
CHORUS.

'Tis burn - ing in my soul, 'Tis burn - ing in my soul; The fire of
 Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to his name! The fire of

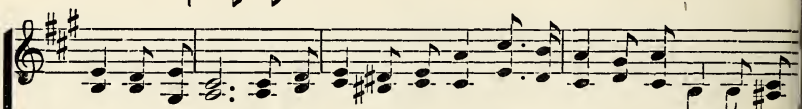
heav'nly love is burning in my soul. The
 heav'nly love is burning [Omit.....] in my soul.
 burning in my soul. burning in my soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

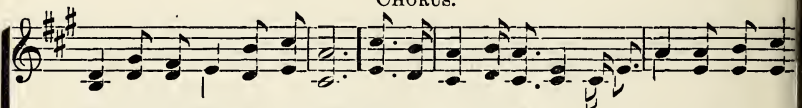


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray; Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his

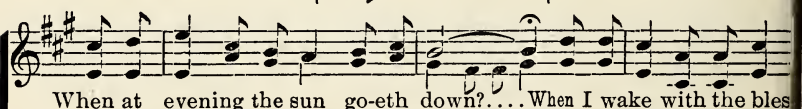


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
 winner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

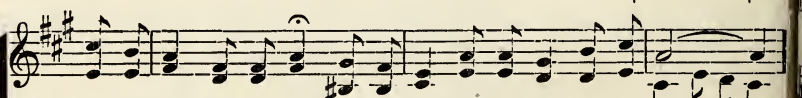
CHORUS.



be an - y stars in my crown?
 praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
 be an - y stars in my crown?



When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the bless
 goeth down?



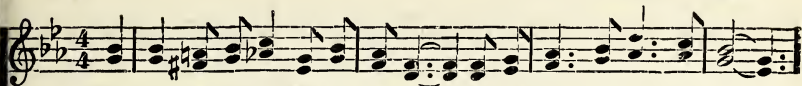
In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?....
 any stars in my crown

THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

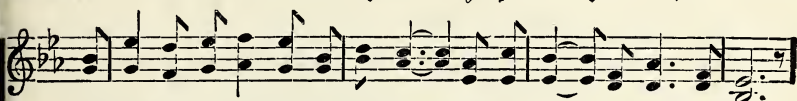
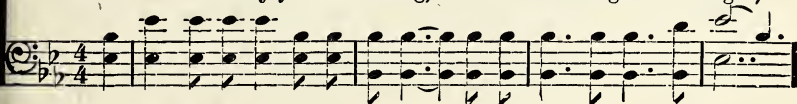
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

B. E.

GEN. BALLINGTON ROOTH.



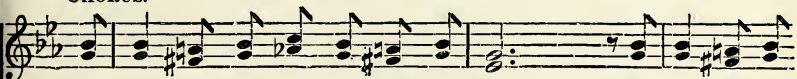
1. The cross that he gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in his sight,



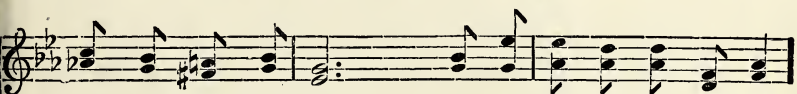
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than he drank in Gethsema-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a-lone can keep me right.



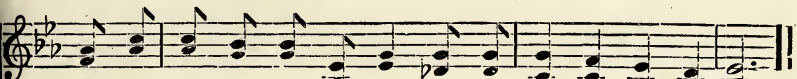
CHORUS.



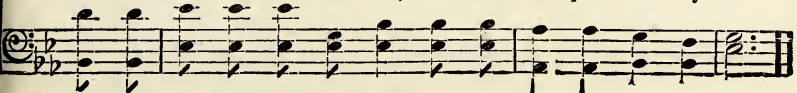
The cross is not great-er than his grace, The storm can-not



hide his bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know

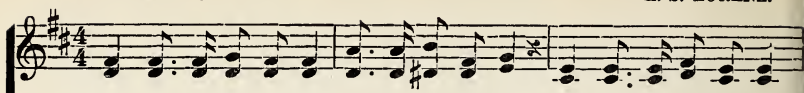


That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

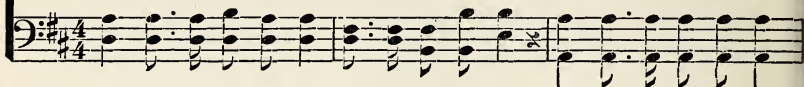
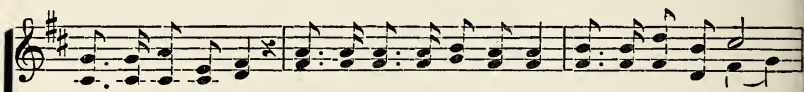


MRS. CARRIE A. BRECK.

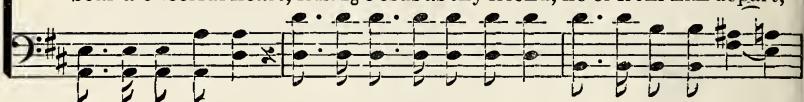
E. S. LORENZ.



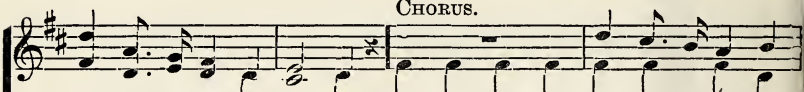
1. Life-time is working time, spend no idle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee
2. Life-time is working time, learn where duty lies; Grasp ev'ry passing day
3. Life-time is working time, do thy honest part; Tho' in discouragements,

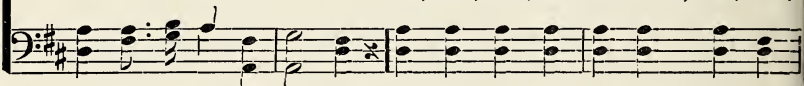
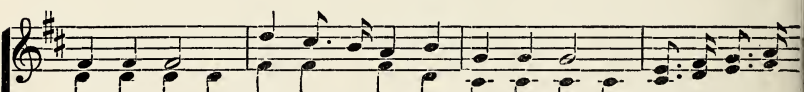
on the harvest ways, Working with a willing hand, sing a song of praise;
as a precious prize; Glad to help the sorrowing, glad to sym-pa-thize;
bear a cheerful heart; Trusting Jesus as thy friend, ne'er from him depart;



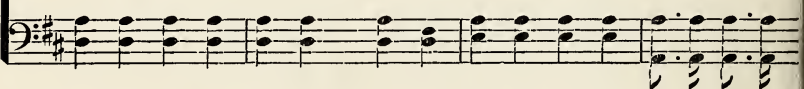

CHORUS.



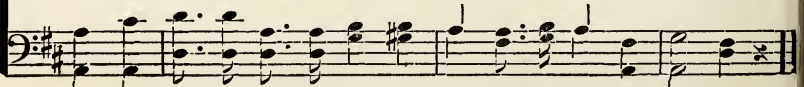
Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swift-ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work,

la - bor fly, Freight-ed with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work!

la - bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ever work for Je - sus!



THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
 3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more;

Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow;
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red like crim-son, They shall be as wool!"
 He is of great com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
 "Look un-to Me ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
 Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have found a full sal - va - tion, hal - le - lu - jah! I am
 2. I have found a bless - ed peace, oh, hal - le - lu - jah! That doth
 3. I will praise him while I've breath, oh, hal - le - lu - jah! For sel -

sweet - ly saved to - day; Christ has all my sins for - giv'n, And I'm
 like a riv - er flow; Christ, who died to ran - som me, From my
 va - tion full and free; Christ, who died, and rose a - gain Live to

trav - ling home to heav'n In the new and liv - ing way.
 sins hath set me free, And he wash - es white as snow.
 cleanse from ev - 'ry stain, And he cleans - eth e - ven me.

CHORUS.

I am saved,..... so sweet - ly saved, Saved by
 I am saved, yes, I am sweetly saved,

faith in Christ, the new and liv - ing way, I am
 the liv - ing way,

I AM SAVED. Concluded.

trust - ing, and he keeps me by his pow'r, I am ful-ly saved to-day.
I am trusting,

61. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

E. S. LORENZ.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. My soul is filled with glad-ness, My lips o'er-flow with song;
2. My load of sin has van-ished, The Lord has set me free;
3. Temp-ta-tions may be-set me, I ev-er safe re-main;
4. So weak that I should stum-ble, He leads me by the hand;

One tho't dis-pels all sad-ness—I to my Lord be-long.
My haunt-ing fears he ban-ished, I walk in ec-sta-sy.
My Lord will ne'er for-get me, I trust his prom-ise plain.
He heeds my plea so hum-ble, And in his strength I stand.

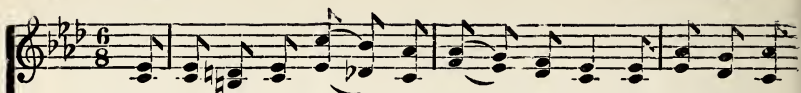
CHORUS.

For there's pow'r in Je-sus' blood! Pow'r in Je-sus' blood!
there's pow'r there's pow'r

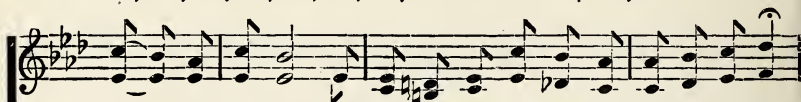
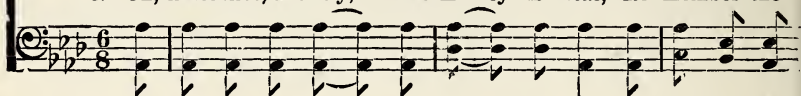
Pow'r in Je-sus' blood to make me whole. whole.
there's pow'r

W. O. CUSHING.

I. BALTZEL.



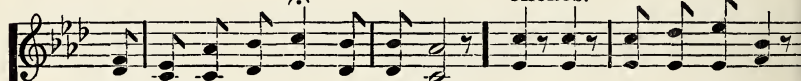
1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and
2. How sad it would be, the har-vest all past, The bright summer
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mer-cy is near, Re-mem-ber the



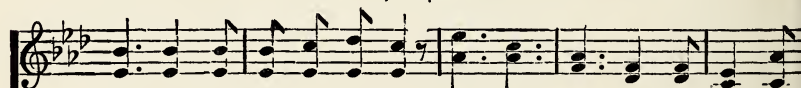
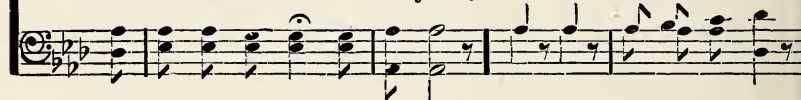
un - for - giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate,
 days all o - ver; To know that the reap - ers had gather'd the grain,
 love that he gave you; The love that has sought thee is seeking thee still,



CHORUS.



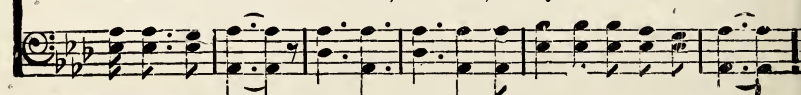
Should an - swer, No room in heav - en.
 And left thee a - lone for - ev - er. } Sad, sad, sad would it be!
 And Je - sus now waits to save you. }



No room in heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in

*Slow and soft.*

heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!



NAILED TO THE CROSS.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUETT. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was wil - ling to die in mystead That a
 2. He is tend-er and lov - ing and pa-tient with me, While he
 3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part, I will

soul so unworthy might live; And the path to the cross he was
 cleanses my heart of its dross; But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
 joy - ful - ly journey each day, With a song on my lips and a

CHORUS.

willing to tread, All the sins of my life to forgive.
 know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. They are nailed to the cross.
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way.

pp

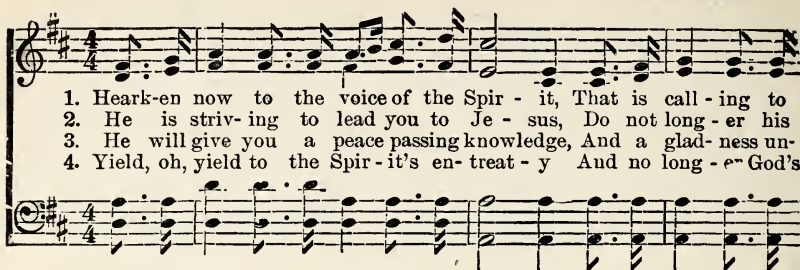
They are nailed to the cross, O how much he was will-ing to bear! With what

Rit.

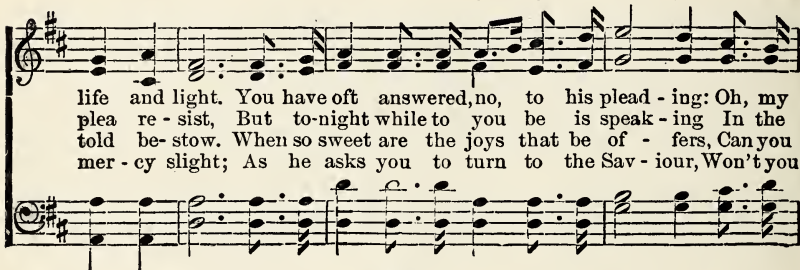
anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there!

JENNIE WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

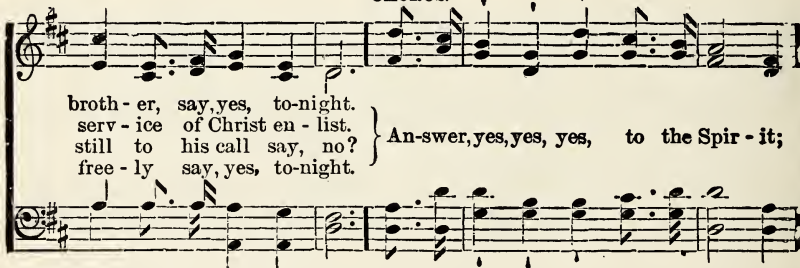


1. Heark-en now to the voice of the Spir - it, That is call - ing to
 2. He is striv - ing to lead you to Je - sus, Do not long - er his
 3. He will give you a peace passing knowledge, And a glad - ness un -
 4. Yield, oh, yield to the Spir - it's en - treat - y And no long - er God's



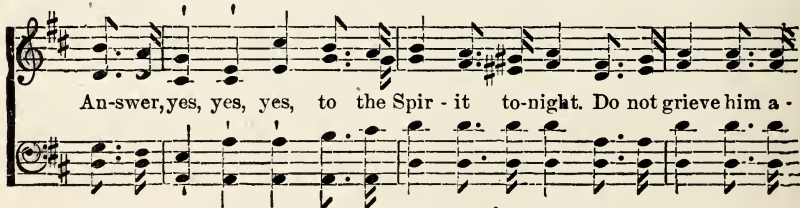
life and light. You have oft answered, no, to his plead - ing: Oh, my
 plea re - sist, But to - night while to you be is speak - ing In the
 told be - stow. When so sweet are the joys that be of - fers, Can you
 mer - cy slight; As he asks you to turn to the Sav - iour, Won't you

CHORUS.

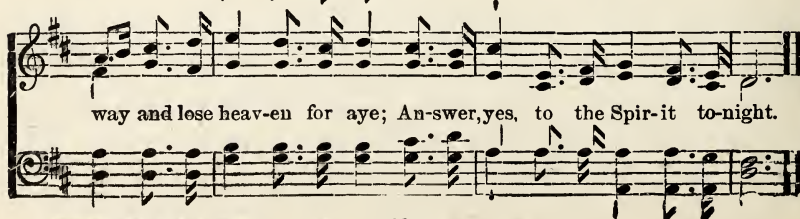


broth - er, say, yes, to - night.
 serv - ice of Christ en - list.
 still to his call say, no?
 free - ly say, yes, to - night.

} An - swer, yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it;



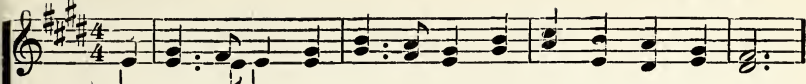
An - swer, yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it to - night. Do not grieve him a -



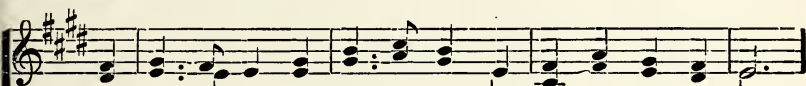
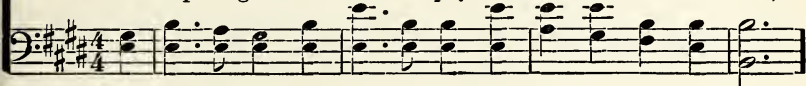
way and lose heav - en for aye; An - swer, yes, to the Spir - it to - night.

ISAAC WATTS.

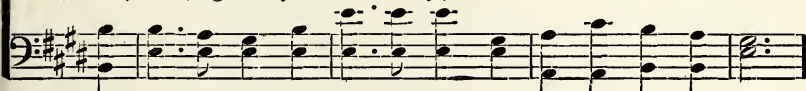
R. E. HUDSON.



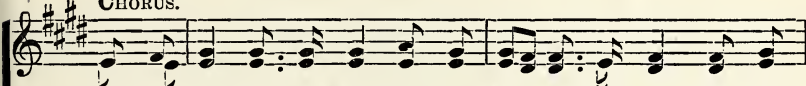
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



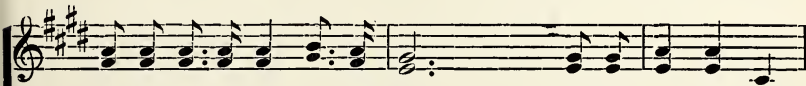
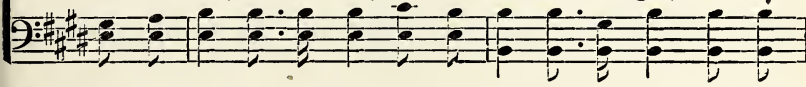
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pity! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.
 When God, the mighty Ma-ker, died For man the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.



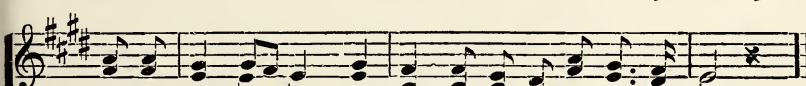
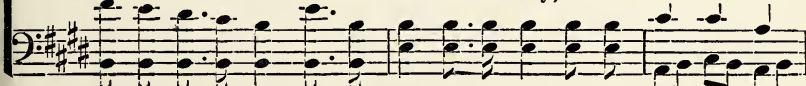
CHORUS.



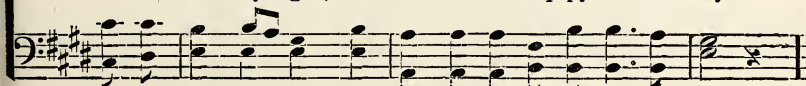
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



burden of my heart rolled a-way,..... It was there by faith
 rolled away,



I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.



STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

67.

THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

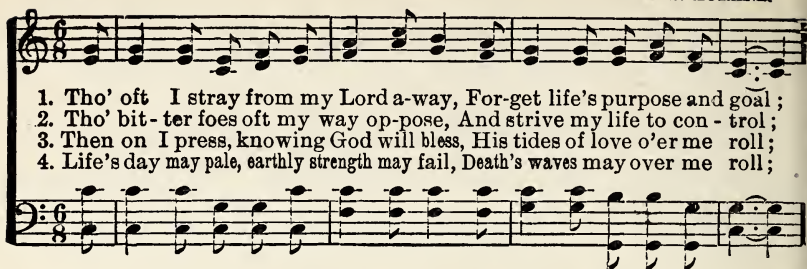
1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his unchanging grace; }
In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil. }
3. { His oath, his covenant, his blood, Support me in the whelming flood; }
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }
4. { When he shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in him be found; }
Drest in his righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne. }

CHORUS.

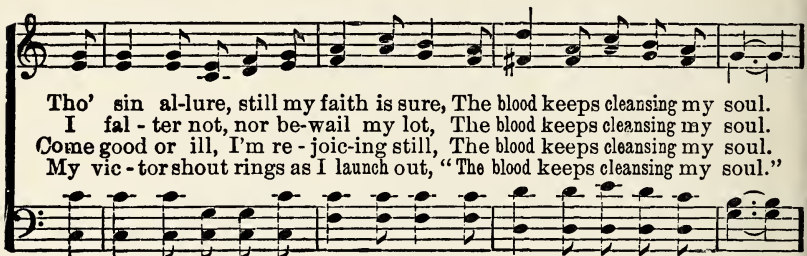
On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ

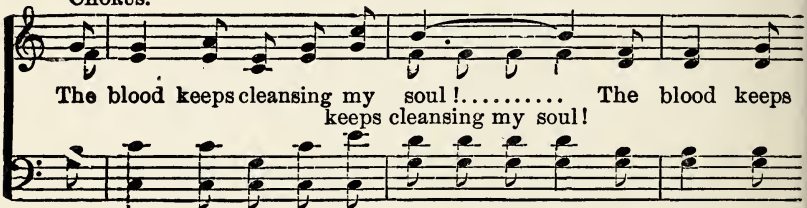


1. Tho' oft I stray from my Lord a-way, For-get life's purpose and goal ;
2. Tho' bit-ter foes oft my way op-pose, And strive my life to con-trol ;
3. Then on I press, knowing God will bless, His tides of love o'er me roll ;
4. Life's day may pale, earthly strength may fail, Death's waves may over me roll ;

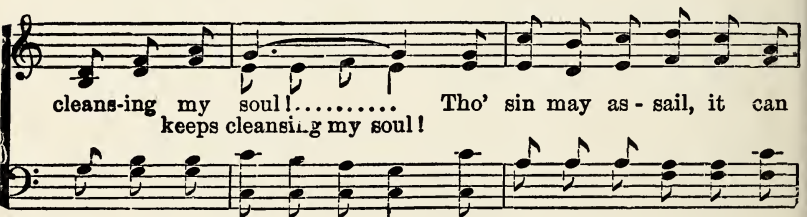


Tho' sin al-lure, still my faith is sure, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
 I fal-ter not, nor be-wail my lot, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
 Come good or ill, I'm re-joic-ing still, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
 My vic-tor shout rings as I launch out, "The blood keeps cleansing my soul."

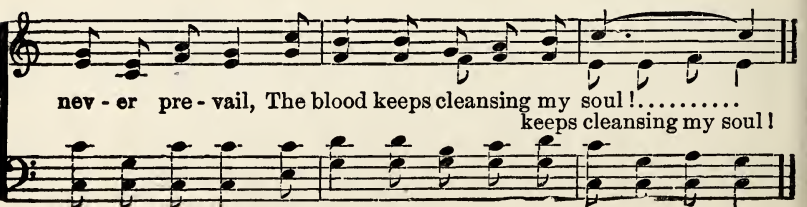
CHORUS.



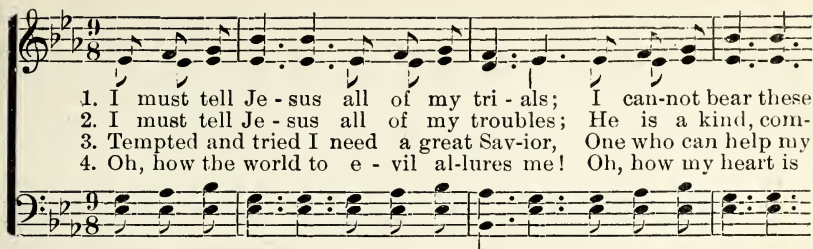
The blood keeps cleansing my soul!..... The blood keeps
 keeps cleansing my soul!



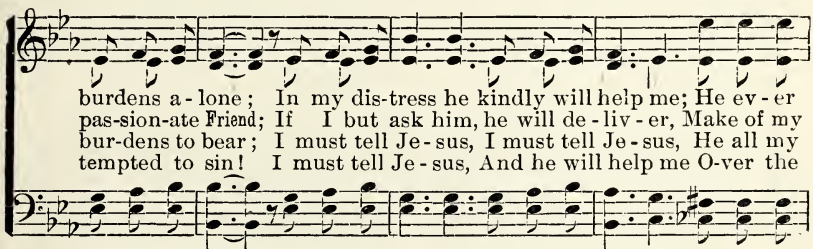
cleans-ing my soul!..... Tho' sin may as-sail, it can
 keeps cleansing my soul!



nev-er pre-vail, The blood keeps cleansing my soul!.....
 keeps cleansing my soul!

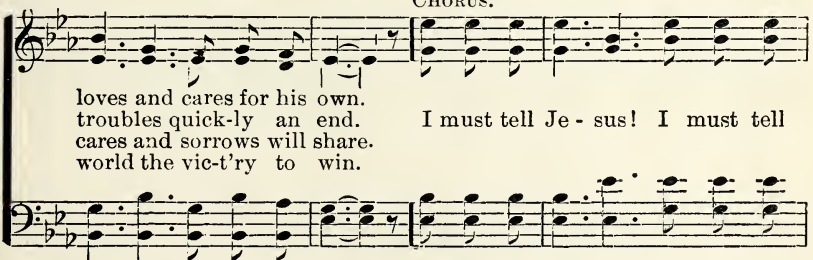


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my
 4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is



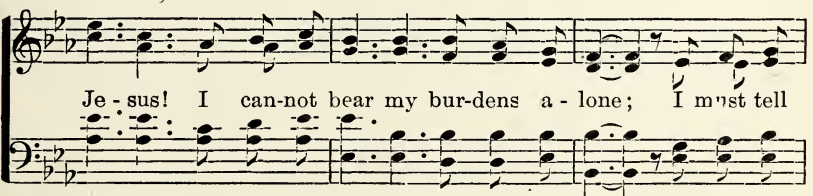
burdens a-lone; In my dis-tress he kindly will help me; He ev-er
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de-liv-er, Make of my
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je-sus, He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je-sus, And he will help me O-ver the

CHORUS.

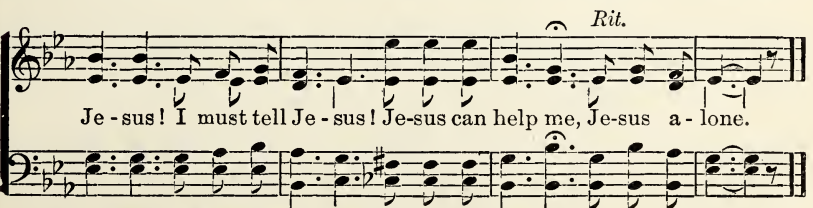


loves and cares for his own.
 troubles quick-ly an end.
 cares and sorrows will share.
 world the vic-t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell



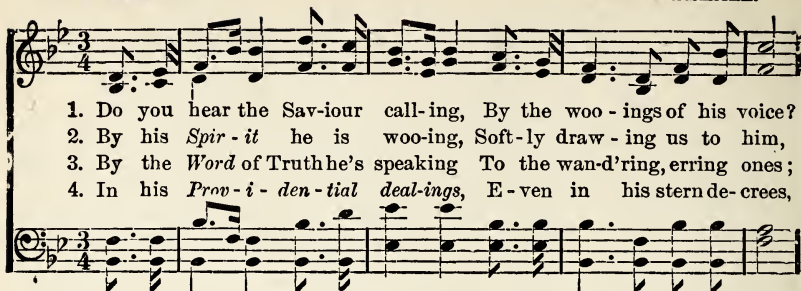
Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a-lone; I must tell



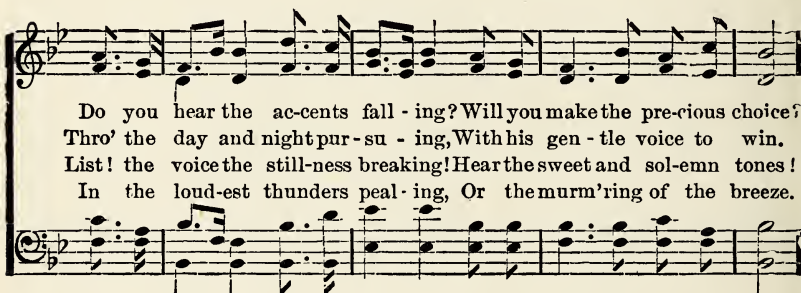
Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a-lone.

W. S. MARSHALL.

W. S. MARSHALL.

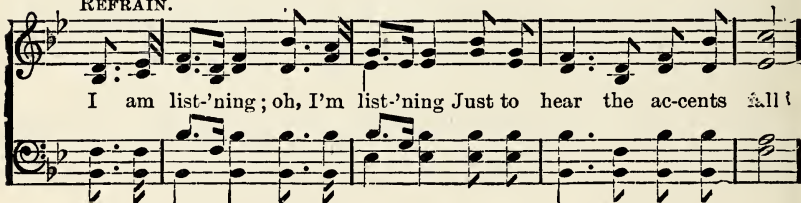


1. Do you hear the Sav-iour call-ing, By the woo-ings of his voice?
 2. By his *Spir-it* he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to him,
 3. By the *Word* of Truth he's speaking To the wan-d'ring, erring ones;
 4. In his *Prov-i-den-tial* deal-ings, E-ven in his stern de-crees,

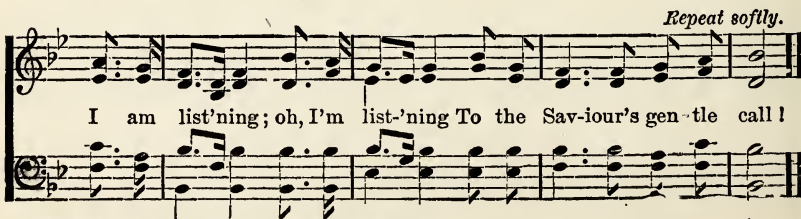


Do you hear the ac-cents fall-ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
 Thro' the day and night pur-su-ing, With his gen-tle voice to win.
 List! the voice the still-ness breaking! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
 In the loud-est thunders peal-ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

REFRAIN.



I am list'-ning; oh, I'm list'-ning Just to hear the ac-cents fall!



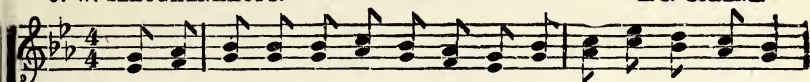
I am list'-ning; oh, I'm list'-ning To the Sav-iour's gen-tle call!

Repeat softly.

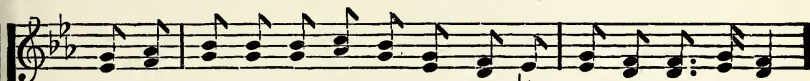
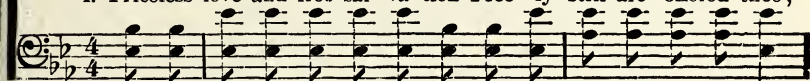
ARE YOU READY?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

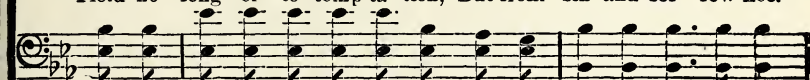
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Soon the evening shadows fall-ing Close the day of mor-tal life;
2. Soon the aw-ful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne;
3. Oh, how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?
4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are offered thee;



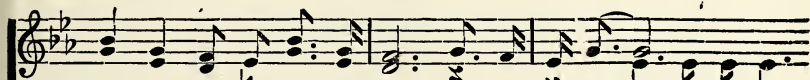
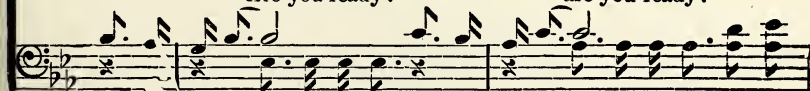
Soon the hand of death ap-pal-ling Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.
 Now pre-pare, for love a-bounding Yet has left thee not a-lone.
 Read-y, should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up-on thy brow?
 Yield no long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sor-row flee.



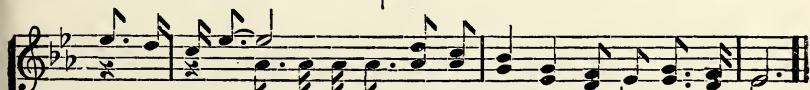
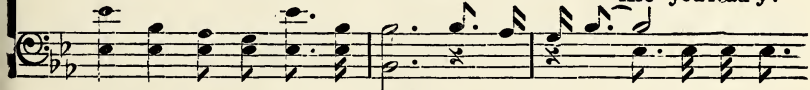
CHORUS.



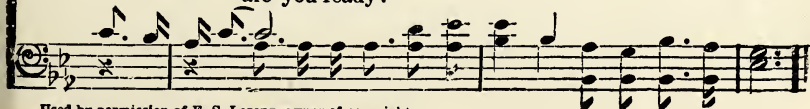
Are you read y? are you read-y? 'Tis the
 Are you ready? are you ready?



Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you read-y?
 Are you read-y?



are you read-y? Do not lin-ger long-er, come to-day.
 are you ready?

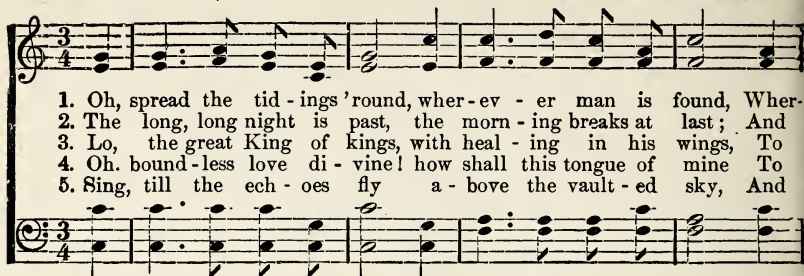


THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

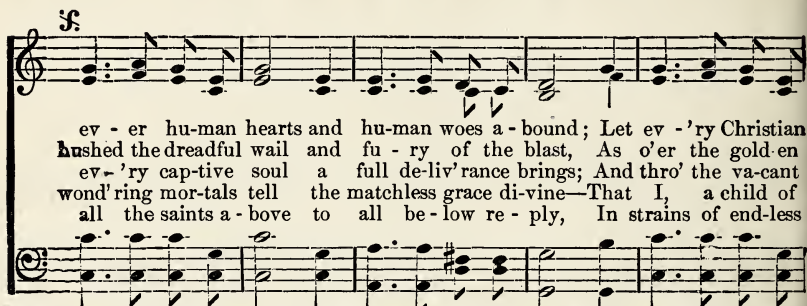
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14 : 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

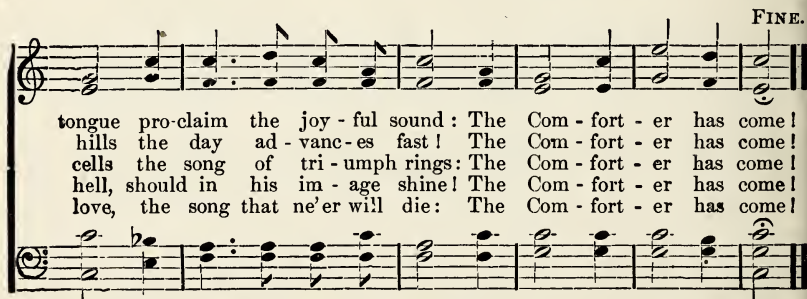


1. Oh, spread the tid - ings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
 4. Oh, bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

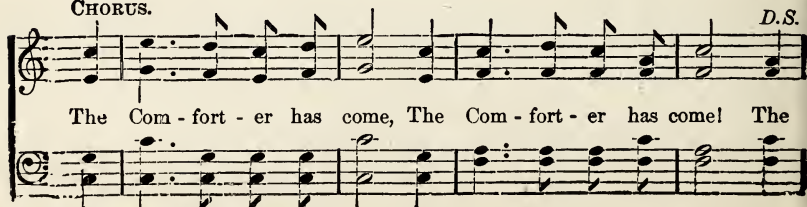
D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tid-ings



tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - vanc-es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in his im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAFF.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a -

(CHORUS.)

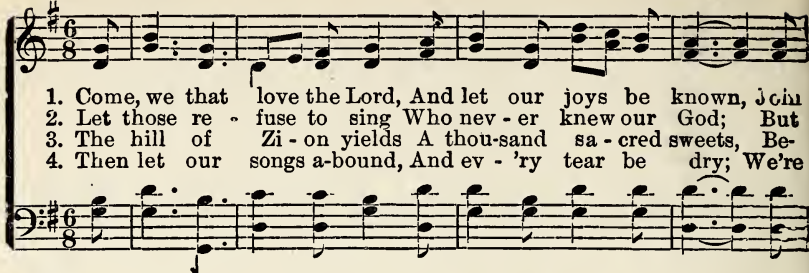
God, Born of his spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
 above, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. } This is my sto - ry,
 above, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love. }

this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my

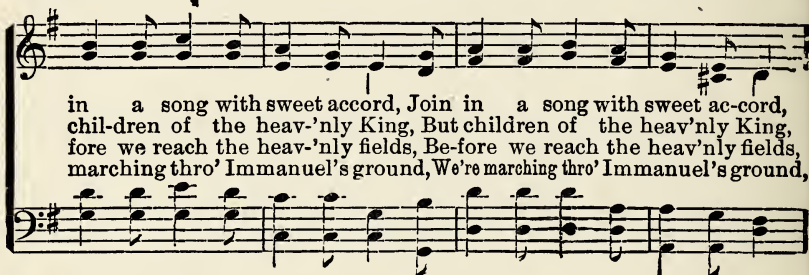
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

ISAAC WATTS.

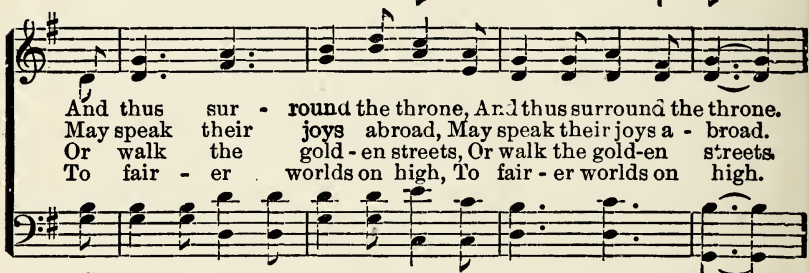
ROBERTA LOWRY.



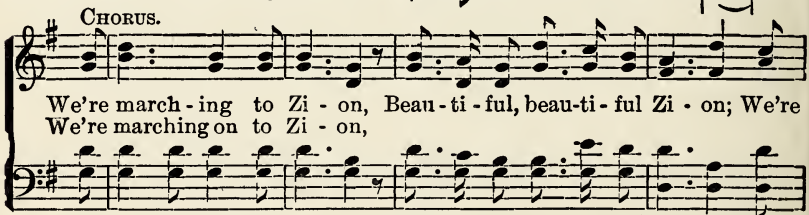
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



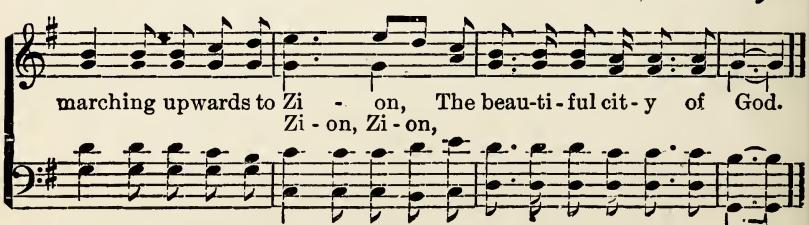
in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 chil-dren of the heav-'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,
 fore we reach the heav-'nly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



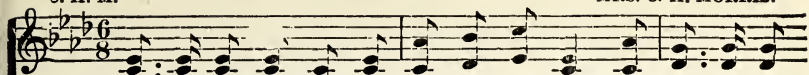
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



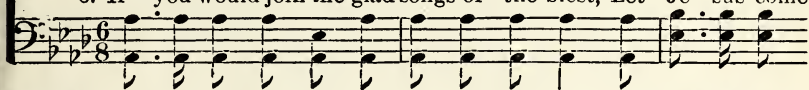
CHORUS.
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,



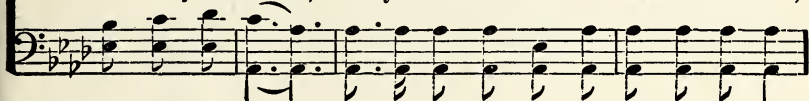
marching upwards to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



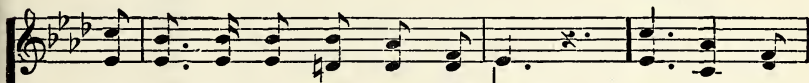
1. If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un-true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come



in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; Find what a friend he will be un - to you,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,



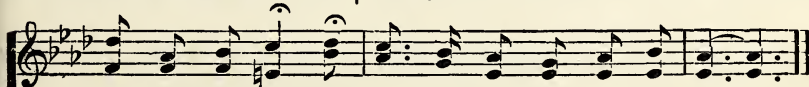
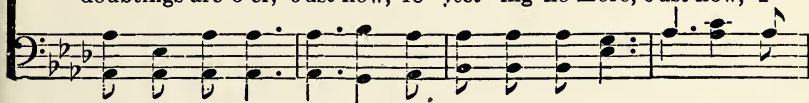
CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
Last v.—Just now, my



doubtings give o'er, Just now, re - ject him no more; Just now, throw
 doubtings are o'er, Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now, I



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



E. E. HEWITT.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Blessed gold-en ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros - es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earthly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hidden dangers near; Near-er still my

glo - ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid - night,
 van - ish, Ra-diant still the sky! Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,
 Sav - ior, Whisp'ring "Be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev - er leave thee, Nev - er will
 Bloom-ing for his own, Je - sus, heav-en's sun-shine, Nev - er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a - lone."
 leave me a - lone. No, nev - er a - lone.....
 leave thee a - lone." Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

No, nev - er a - lone; He prom-ised nev - er to leave me,

NEVER ALONE. Concluded.

1 2

Nev-er to leave me a - lone. Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

This musical score is for the song 'NEVER ALONE. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is marked with a '1' and a '2' above the first two measures, indicating a first and second ending. The lyrics are 'Nev-er to leave me a - lone. Nev-er to leave me a - lone.'

77. CROWN AFTER CROSS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. S. LORENZ.

2/4

1. Light aft - er darkness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wea - ri - ness,
2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys - ter - y,
3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam after gloom, Love aft - er lone - li - ness,

This musical score is for the song 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a treble and bass staff. The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: '1. Light aft - er darkness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wea - ri - ness, 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys - ter - y, 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam after gloom, Love aft - er lone - li - ness,'

Crown aft - er cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh,
Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast,
Life aft - er tomb; Aft - er long ag - o - ny, Rap - ture of bliss!

This musical score continues the song 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Crown aft - er cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh, Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Life aft - er tomb; Aft - er long ag - o - ny, Rap - ture of bliss!'

This musical score continues the song 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Crown aft - er cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh, Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Life aft - er tomb; Aft - er long ag - o - ny, Rap - ture of bliss!'

CHORUS.

This musical score is for the chorus of 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Home aft - er wandering, Praise after cry. Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping, Right was the path - way Leading to this.'

Home aft - er wandering, Praise after cry.
Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping,
Right was the path - way Leading to this.

This musical score continues the chorus of 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Home aft - er wandering, Praise after cry. Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping, Right was the path - way Leading to this.'

This musical score continues the chorus of 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Home aft - er wandering, Praise after cry. Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping, Right was the path - way Leading to this.'

Then the glad reaping; Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re - ward.

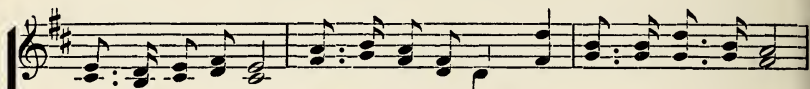
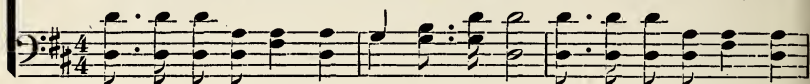
This musical score continues the chorus of 'CROWN AFTER CROSS.' It features a bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Home aft - er wandering, Praise after cry. Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping, Right was the path - way Leading to this.'

P. P. B.

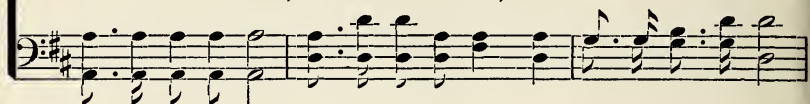
P. P. BLISS.



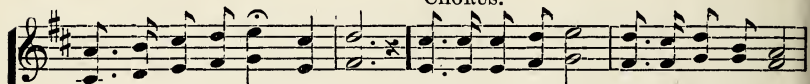
1. "Who - so - ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound Send the blessed ti-dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will, the prom-ise se-ure;" "Who-so-ev-er will," for-



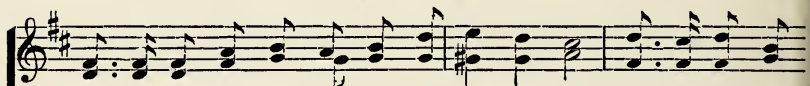
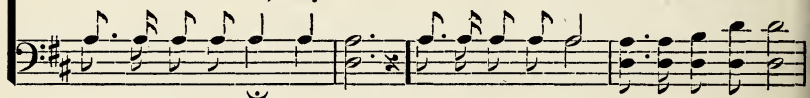
all the world around; Spread the joyful news wher-ev - er man is found;
 en - ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on - ly Liv-ing Way:
 ev - er must endure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for ev - er-more:



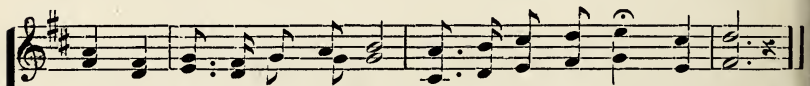
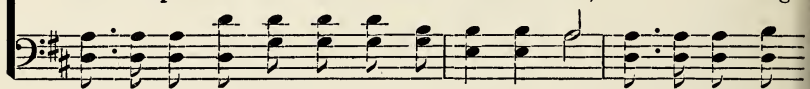
CHORUS.



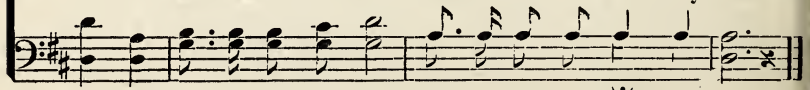
"Who - so - ev - er will, may come!" "Who-so-ev-er will! who-so-ev-er will!"



Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

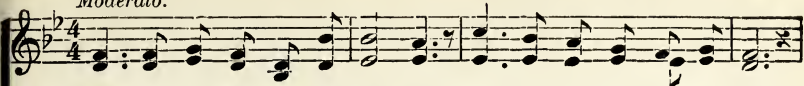


Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev - er will may come!"



MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

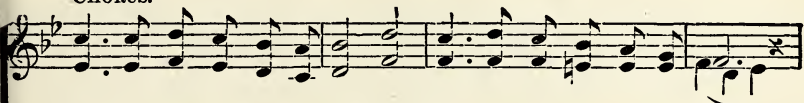
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re-joic-ing in his pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! Oh, bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;



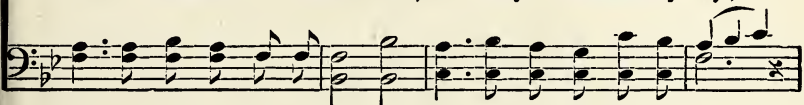
When with rapture I be-hold him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me.
 But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be-hold him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!

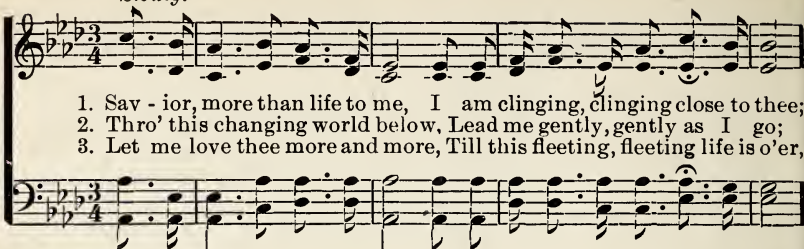


80.

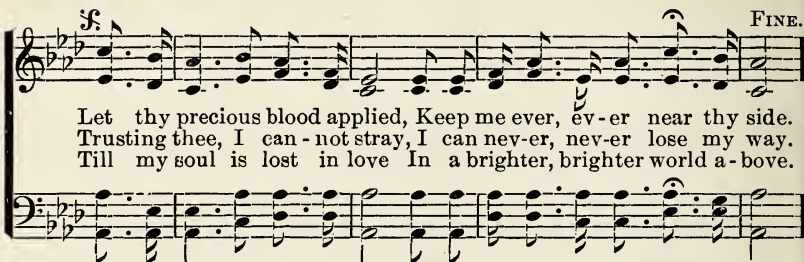
EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

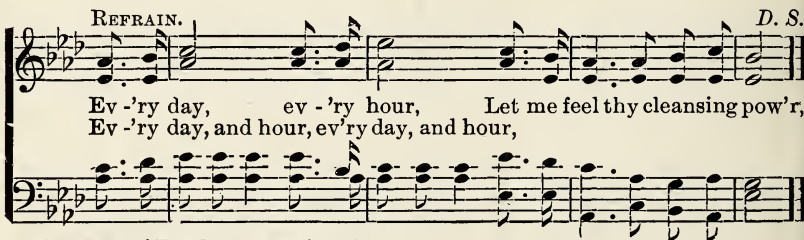
Slowly.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;



Let thy precious blood applied, Keep me ever, ev - er near thy side.
 Trusting thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

D. S. — May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r,
 Ev - 'ry day, and hour, ev 'ry day, and hour,

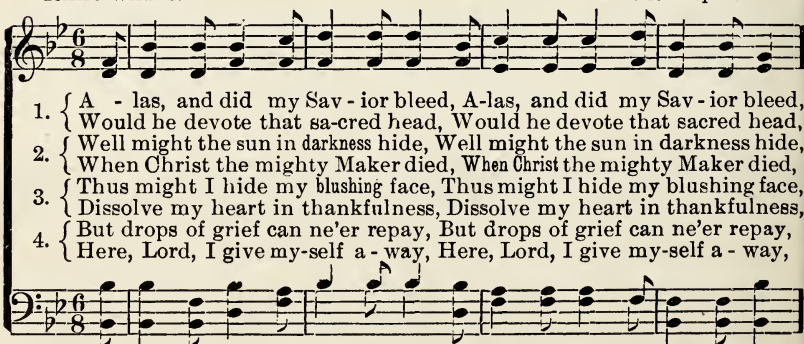
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81.

KNEELING AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

ISAAC WATTS.

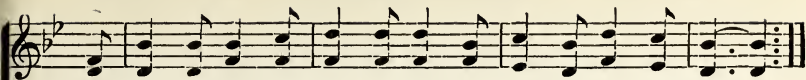
American Spiritual.



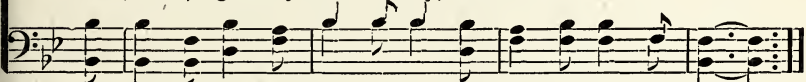
1. { A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed,
 { Would he devote that sa - cred head, Would he devote that sacred head,
2. { Well might the sun in darkness hide, Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 { When Christ the mighty Maker died, When Christ the mighty Maker died,
3. { Thus might I hide my blushing face, Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 { Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
4. { But drops of grief can ne'er repay, But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
 { Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way,

CHO. — We're kneel - ing at the mer - cy - seat, We're kneel - ing at the mer - cy - seat,

KNEELING AT THE MERCY-SEAT. Concluded.



A - las, and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my sovereign die?
 Would he de-vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?
 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in;
 When Christ the mighty Maker, died, For man, the creature's sin.
 Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.



D. S.—*We're kneeling at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an-swers pray'r.*

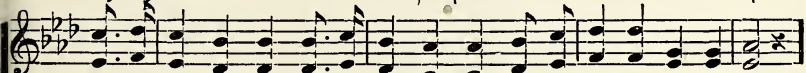
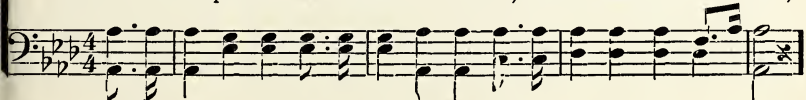
82. I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY.

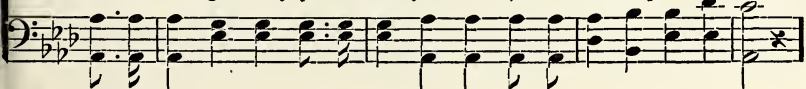
W. H. DOANE.



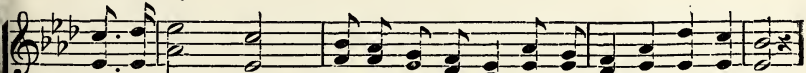
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me ;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By thy pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know, Till I cross the narrow sea,



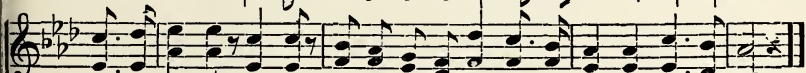
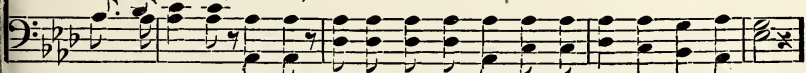
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with thee.



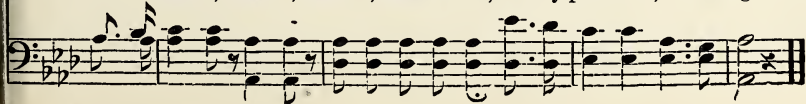
REFRAIN.



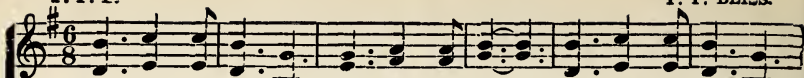
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
 nearer, nearer,



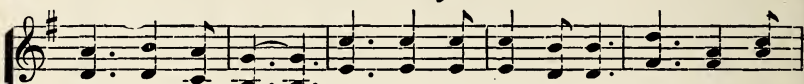
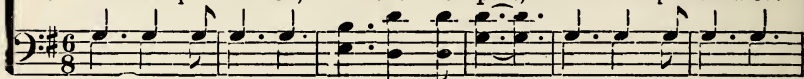
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.



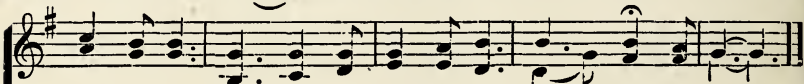
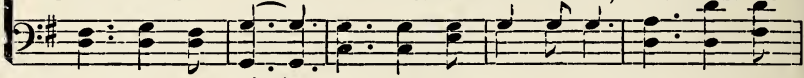
ALMOST PERSUADED.



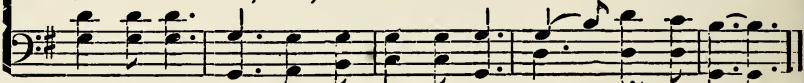
1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Now to be-lieve, "Al-most per-suad-ed."
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed."



Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
Turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is



go thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: Oh, wand'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most-but lost!"



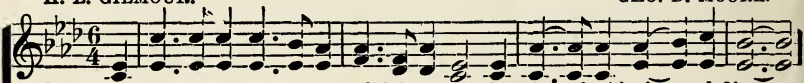
Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by per.

84.

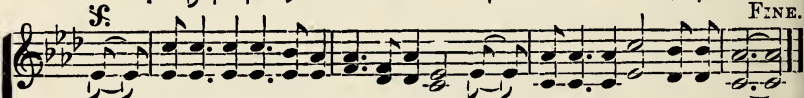
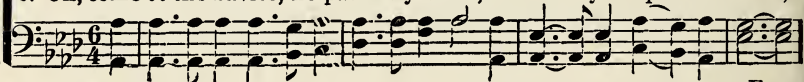
H. L. GILMOUR.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

GEO. D. MOORE.

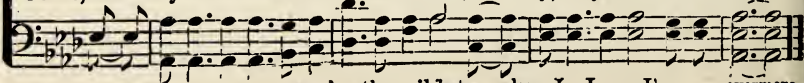


1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and distress
2. I yielded myself in his tender embrace, And faith taking hold of the word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STORY so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Savior, he patiently waits, To save by his power divine;



FINE.

1. I heard a sweet voice saying, make me your choice; And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The haven of rest is my Lord.
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have A home in the "Haven of Rest!"
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of rest, And say, "my Beloved is mine."

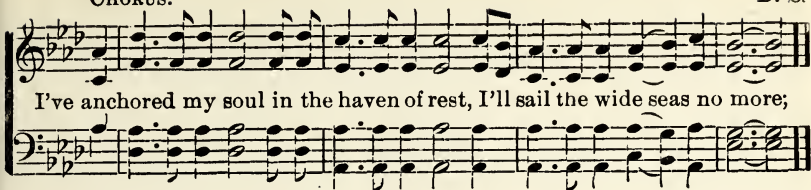


D. S. The tempo tempo sweet 'neath the wild stormy deep, In Jesus I'm evermore

THE HAVEN OF REST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. S.

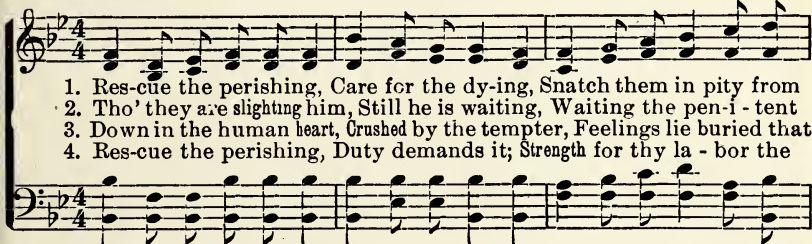


85.

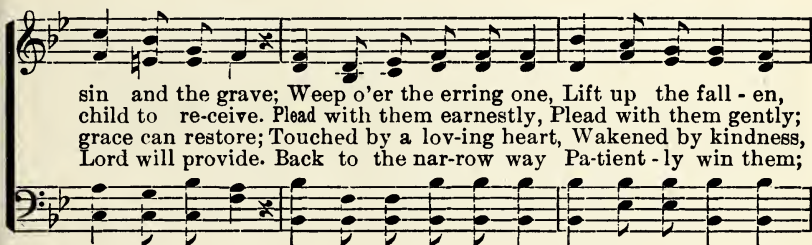
RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

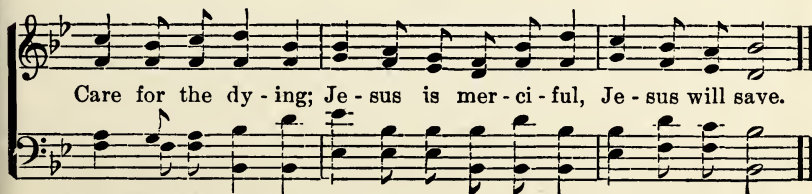
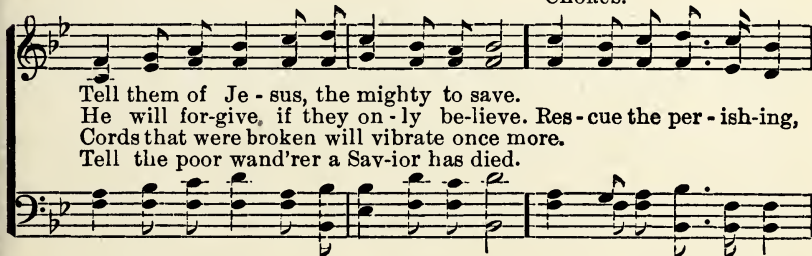
W. H. DOANE.



1. Res-cue the perishing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pity from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Waiting the pen-i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



CHORUS.



BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. { Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, (*Omit*.....

2. { Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing neith-er
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, (*Omit*.....

3. { Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (*Omit*.....

FINE.

noontide and the dew-y eve;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
tain'd our spirit often grieves;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After repeat D.S. to Fine.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

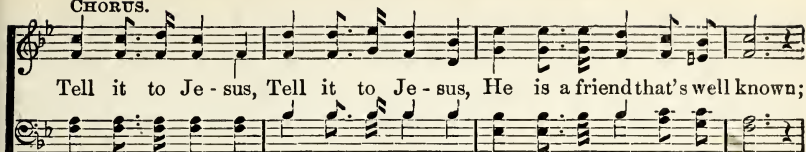
E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
4. Are you troubled with the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to

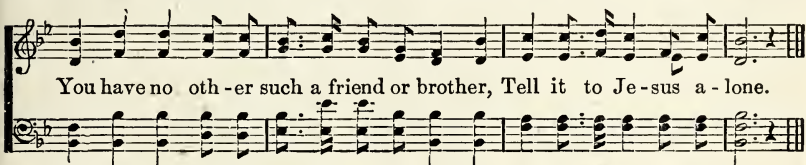
Je-sus. Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hidden? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

TELL IT TO JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;

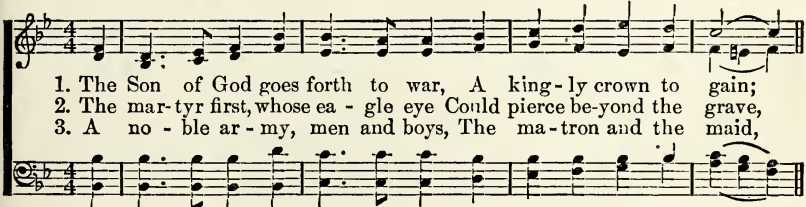


You have no oth - er such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

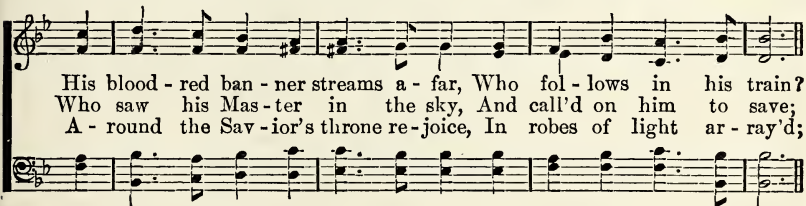
88 THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

REGINALD HEBER.

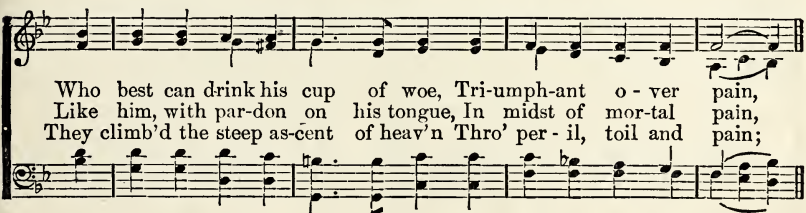
DR. H. S. CUTLER.



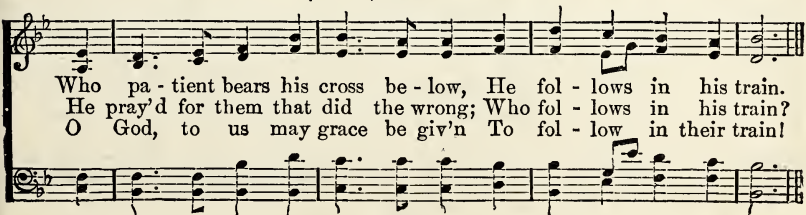
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on him to save;
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S. — *What need I fear since thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me!*

CHORUS.

D.S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

Copyright, 1885, by E. S.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee; Hear thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are thy
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whisper thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

1 Je - sus my Lord to thee I cry; Un-less thou help me, I must die;
 2 Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
 3 No prep - a - ra - tions can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
 4 I thirst, I long to know thy love; Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove,

Oh, bring thy full sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
 But since to thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D.S. — Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am,.....
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

5 If thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 And work both in and by me, too,
 And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,
 Lord, take me as I am!

1. Father, I stretch my hand to thee, No other help I know; If thou withdraw thy
 2. What did thine only Son endure Before I drew my breath; What pain, what labor
 3. Oh, Jesus, could I thus believe I now should feel thy pow'r; And all my wants thou
 4. Author of faith to thee I lift My weary, longing eyes; Oh, let me now re-

CHO. — I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus died for me! And thro' his blood, his

Cho. D. C.

self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 to secure My soul from endless death!
 wouldst relieve In this accepted hour.
 ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
 Oh, speak, and I shall live,
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
 Could I but see thy face;
 Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice
 And taste thy pard'ning grace.

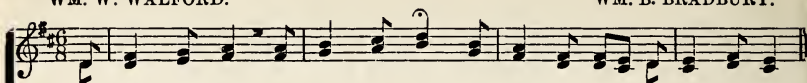
precious blood, I am from sin set free.

93.

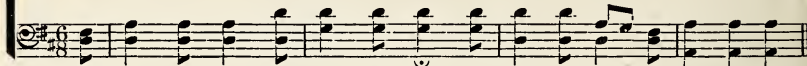
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. W. WALFORD.

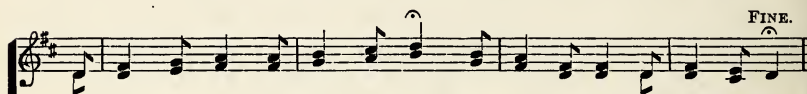
WM. B. BRADBURY.



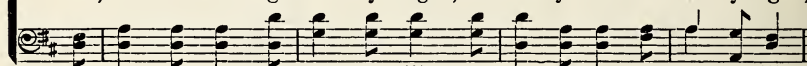
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con-so-la-tion share,



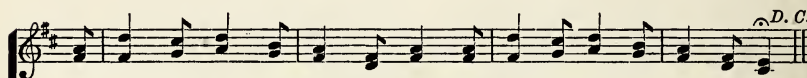
D. C.-And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!
 I'll cast on him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r:
 And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r:



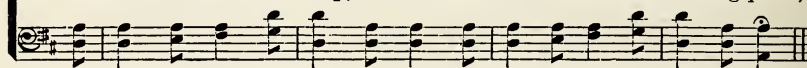
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
 To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight;



And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r!
I'll cast on him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
 And since he bids me seek his face, Be-lieve his word and trust his grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;



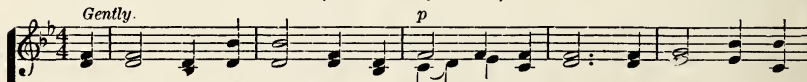
94.

TREAD SOFTLY.

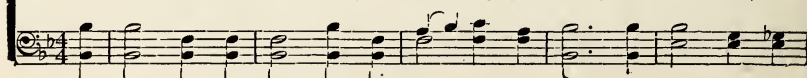
FANNY J. CROSBY.

(SOLO AND QUARTET.)

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.**p*

1. Be si-lent, be si-lent, A whis-per is heard, Be si-lent, and
2. Be si-lent, be si-lent, For ho-ly this place, This al-tar that
3. Be si-lent, be si-lent, Breathe humbly our pray'r, A fore-taste of
4. Be si-lent, be si-lent, His mer-cy re-cord; Be si-lent, be



TREAD SOFTLY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

lis - ten, Oh, treasure each word. Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
 ech - oes The mes - sage of grace.
 E - den, This mo - ment we share.
 si - lent, And wait on the Lord. Tread softly here, tread softly here,

Mas - ter is here; Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
 Tread softly here, tread softly here,

95. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

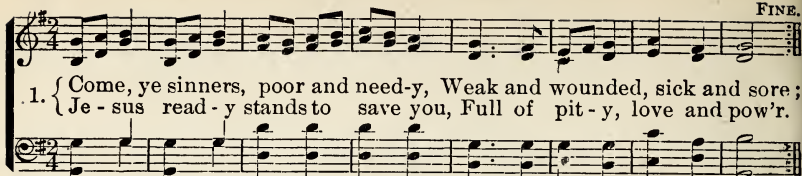
1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine! Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

pre-cious thou art; Fold me, Oh, fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
 cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
 Je - sus, my Lord crucified, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Savior, still nearer to thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to thee.

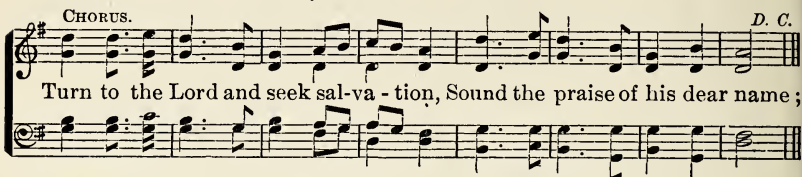
TURN TO THE LORD.

FINE.



1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.

D.C.—Glo-ry, hon-or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord is come to reign.



CHORUS.

D. C.

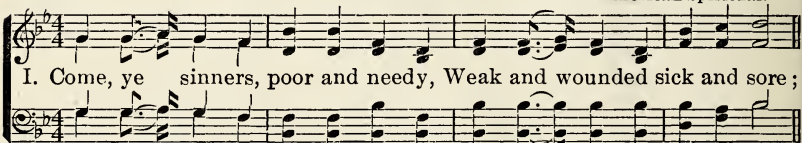
Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, All the fitness he requireth
God's free bounty glorify ; Is to feel your need of him.
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh. 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
3 Let not conscience let you linger, If you tarry till you're better,
Nor of fitness fondly dream : You will never come at all.

97.

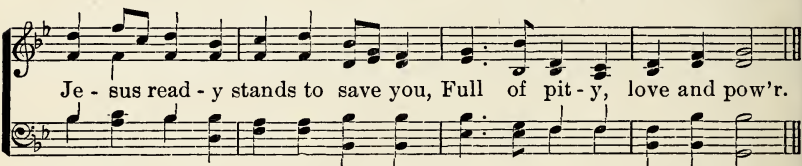
I WILL ARISE.

American Spiritual.



I. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded sick and sore ;

I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in his arms ;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.

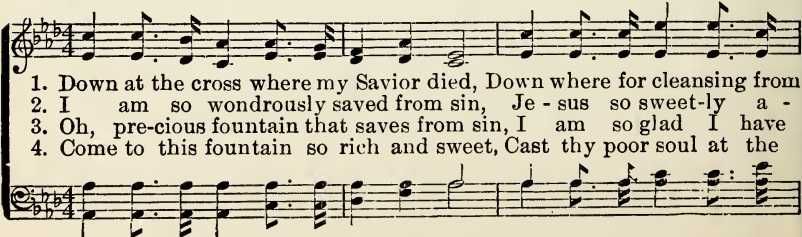
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there is ten thousand charms !

98.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

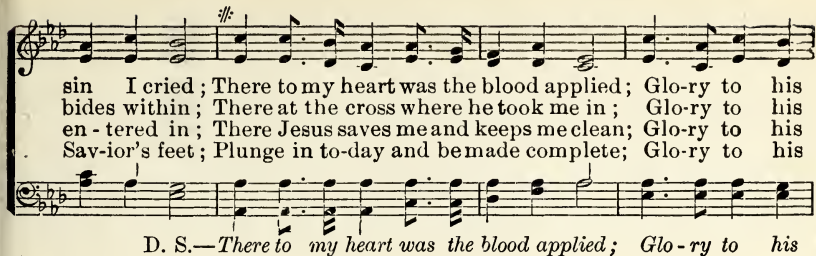
E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a -
3. Oh, pre-cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the


GLORY TO HIS NAME. Concluded.



sin I cried ; There to my heart was the blood applied ; Glo-ry to his
bides within ; There at the cross where he took me in ; Glo-ry to his
en - tered in ; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean ; Glo-ry to his
Sav-ior's feet ; Plunge in to-day and be made complete ; Glo-ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied ; Glo-ry to his

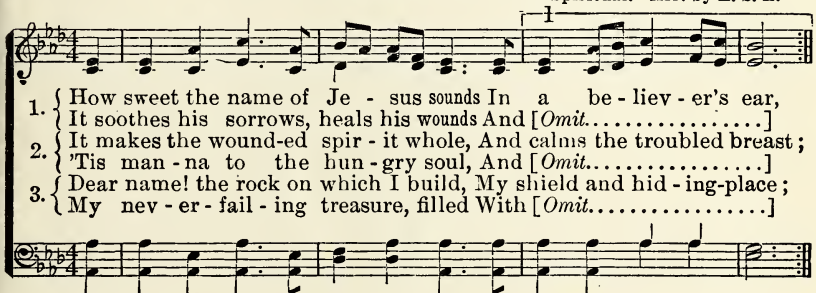
FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



name. Glo-ry to his name, glo-ry to his name ;
name.

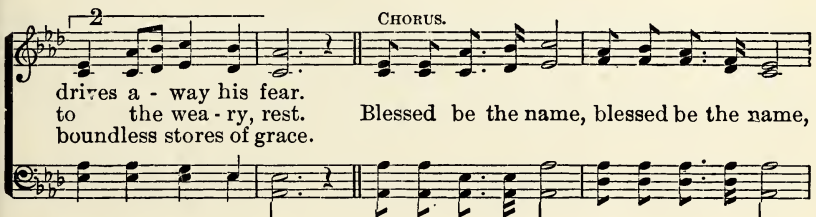
99. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

Spiritual. Arr. by E. S. L.



1. { How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds And [Omit.....]
2. { It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And [Omit.....]
3. { Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing-place ;
My nev - er - fail - ing treasure, filled With [Omit.....]

2 CHORUS.



drives a - way his fear.
to the wea - ry, rest. Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
boundless stores of grace.

1 2



Bless-ed be the name of the Lord ! Blessed be the name of the Lord.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior calling,
 2. I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him thro' the garden,
 3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib. *D. C.*
 I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
 I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

101.

HE IS CALLING.

FREDERICK FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
 3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind,
 4. If our love were but more simple We should take him at his word;

There's a kind-ness in his justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There's no place where earth-ly failings Have such kind-ly judgment giv'n.
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der-ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

REFRAIN.

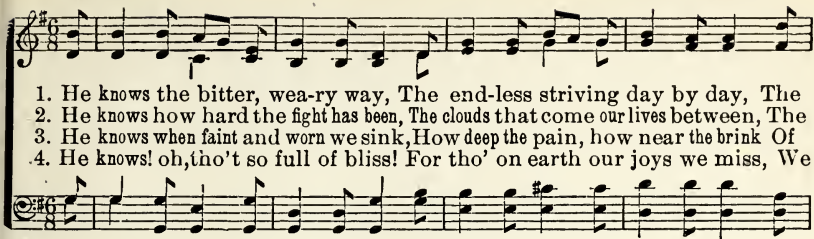
He is calling, "Come to me;" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

102.

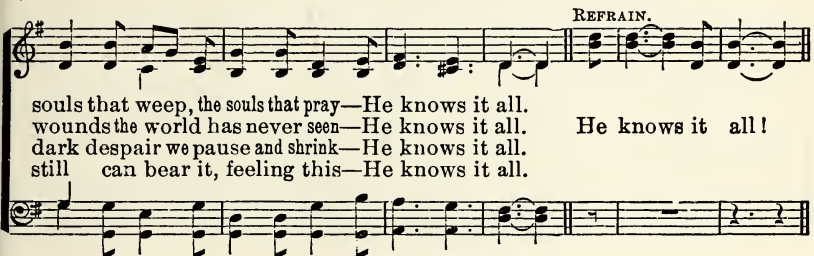
HE KNOWS IT ALL.

Unknown.

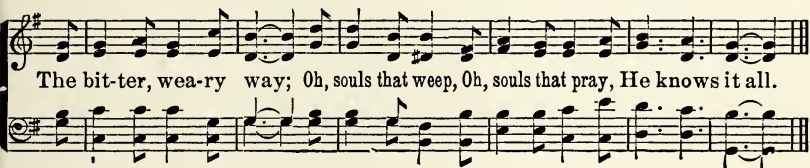
E. S. LORENZ.



1. He knows the bitter, wea-ry way, The end-less striving day by day, The
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between, The
3. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink Of
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss, We



souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all.
 wounds the world has never seen—He knows it all. He knows it all!
 dark despair we pause and shrink—He knows it all.
 still can bear it, feeling this—He knows it all.



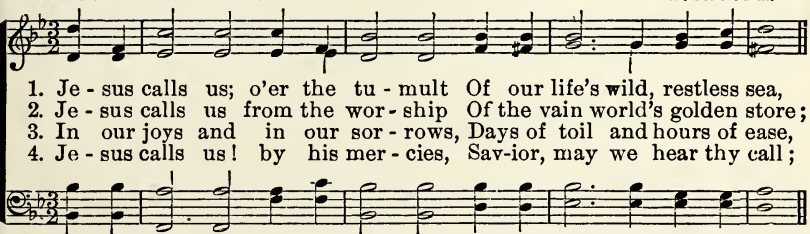
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103.

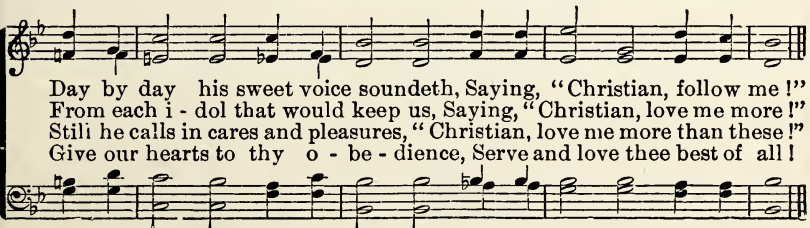
JESUS CALLS US.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by his mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear thy call;



Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me!"
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more!"
 Still he calls in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these!"
 Give our hearts to thy o - be - dience, Serve and love thee best of all!

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol - low his wea - ry, bleeding feet?
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
 4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jordan's roll - ing tide?

Some one is read - y, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den Down at the Fath - er's mer - cy - seat?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption— Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

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WM. McDONALD.

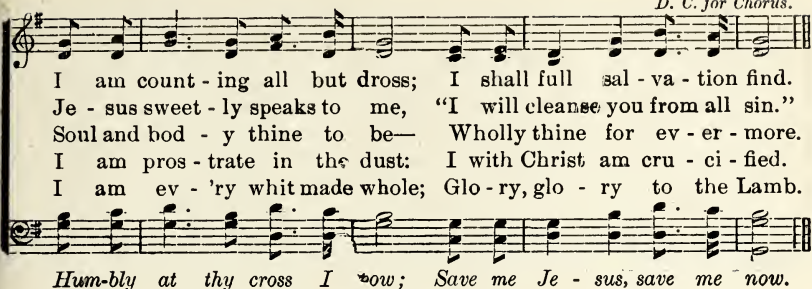
WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with-in;
 3. Here, I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust; In the cleans - ing blood con - fide;
 5. Je - sus comes, he fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS. Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.



I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod-y thine to be— Wholly thine for ev-er-more.
 I am pros-trate in the dust: I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.
 I am ev-'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb.

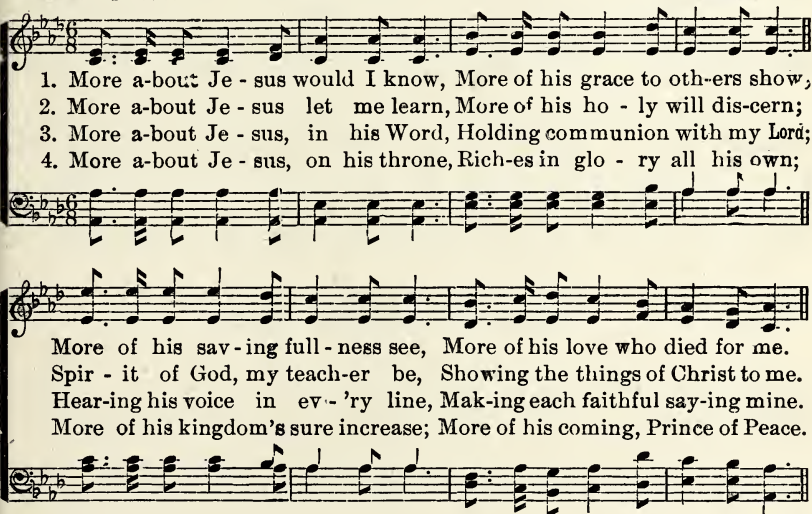
Hum-bly at thy cross I now; Save me Je-sus, save me now.

106.

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

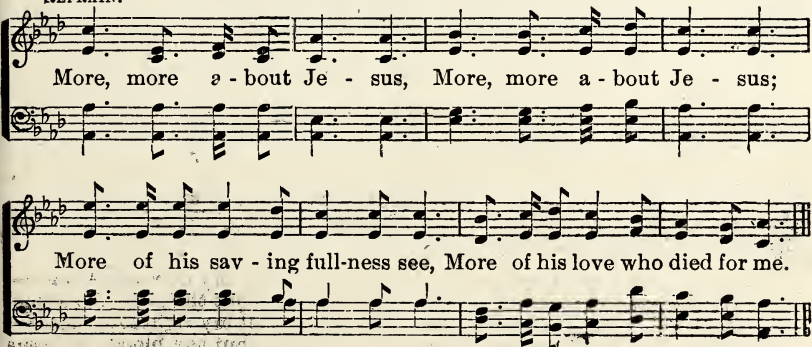
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show,
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho-ly will dis-cern;
 3. More a-bout Je-sus, in his Word, Holding communion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je-sus, on his throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all his own;

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing his voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure in-crease; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

C. D. T.

C. D. TILLMAN.

1. { They were gathered in an upper chamber, They were all with one accord ; }
 { When the Ho-ly Ghost descended, Which was promised by the Lord. }
 2. { This pow'r from heav'n descended, As the sound of rushing wind ; }
 { Tongues of fire rested there upon them, Jesus promised he would send. }
 3. { Our fathers had this "old-time" pow'r, And we all may have it, too ; }
 { This He promised to the faith-ful, What he promised he will do. }

CHORUS.

Oh, Lord, send the pow'r just now! Oh, Lord, send the pow'r just now!

Oh, Lord, send the pow'r just now And bap-tize ev-'ry one!

Copyright, 1908, by Charlie D. Tillman.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus ; }
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. }
 2. { For my par - don this I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus ; }
 { For my cleans-ing this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Jesus. }

D. S.—*Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, precious is the flow that makes me white as snow; No other fount I know,

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness,—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. { There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, (Omit.....)

D.C.—And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood, (Omit.....)

2 FINE. D.C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,

Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

- Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

110 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; }
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus. }

2. { Your ma-n-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus; }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

D.S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue;

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesu

JOS. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 Con-tent what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee Since God thro' Jor - dan leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! he lead - eth me! By his own hand, he lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

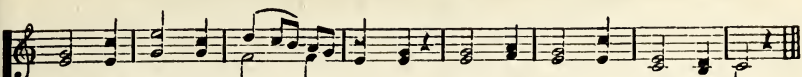
112. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

J. BOWRING.

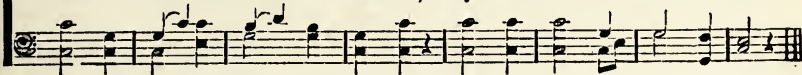
ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.—Concluded.



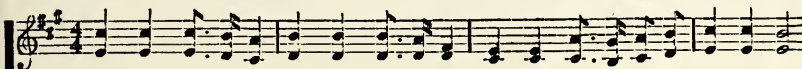
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



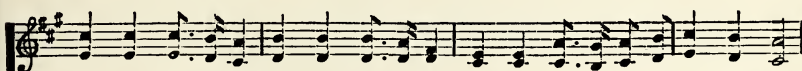
113 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

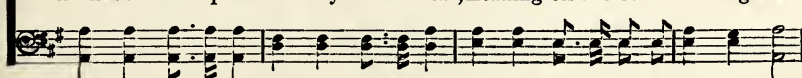
A. J. SHOWALTER.



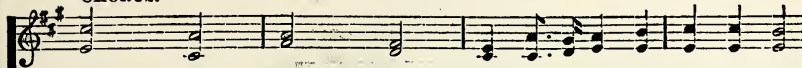
1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms?



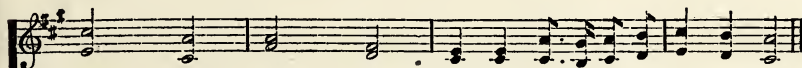
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.



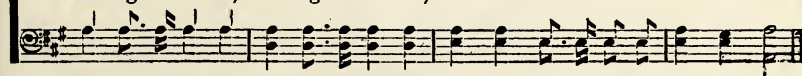
CHORUS.



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Leaning on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



L. E. J.

L. E. JON.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv-ice to Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for the cleansing to Cal - va-ry's tide, There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, his prais-es to sing? There's

CHORUS.
 wonderful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r
 There is pow'r

1 In the blood of the Lamb, 2 precious blood of the Lamb.
 In the blood of the Lamb.

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R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me,
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live,
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

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I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.—Concluded.

D.C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God.
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God.
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God.

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God.

116

WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In

who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus!
 pain a balm, in weak - ness might Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus!
 life, in death, my all in all Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

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MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above
A ransomed soul!

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

cres.
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal prais-es be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous. Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 people bless. And give thy word success; Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

120

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Savior and my God! } Hap - py
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D. J.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 And live rejoicing ev - ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

121

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus, who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory; Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

2 We praise thee, O God, for thy spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

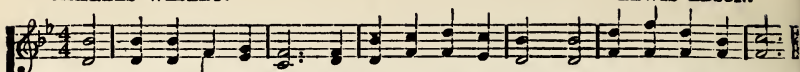
All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

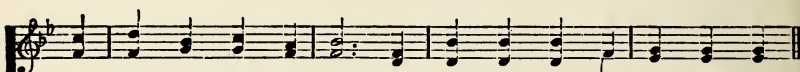
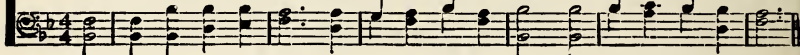
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

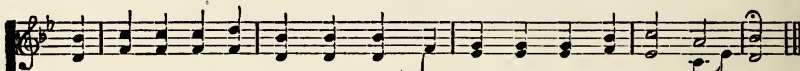
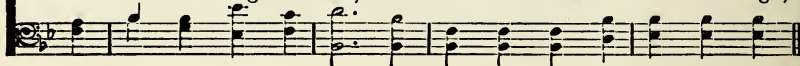
LEWIS EDSON.



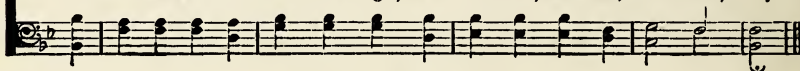
1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac-ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His all-re-deem-ing love,
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour ef-fect-ual pray'r.
4. My God is re-con-ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child,



In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong - ly plead for me; "For - give him, oh, forgive," they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



Be-fore the throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die."
With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

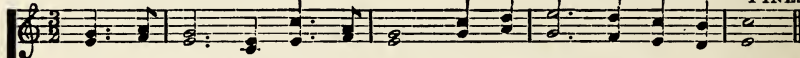


ROCK OF AGES.

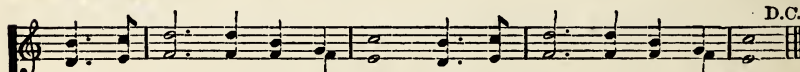
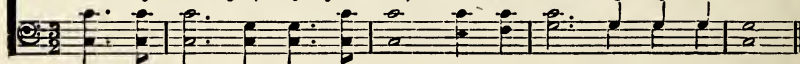
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

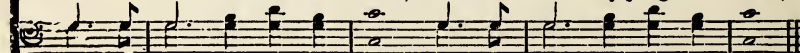
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.
- D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
- D.C.—In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
- D.C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal-ing flood,
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.
When I rise to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgment throne,



WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D.S. - All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.
 D.S. - Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 D.S. - In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - felt, Oh, what needless pain we bear -
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
 Piu - nge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

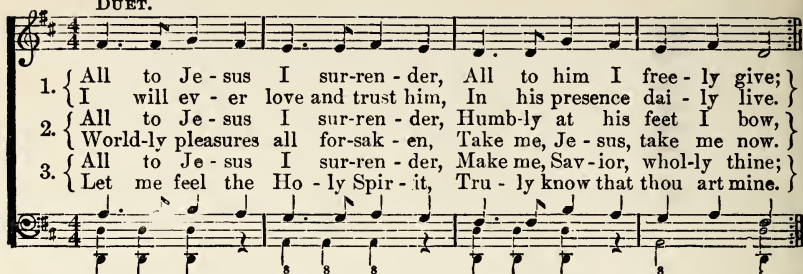
{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you, He will save (Omit.....) you now.

I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

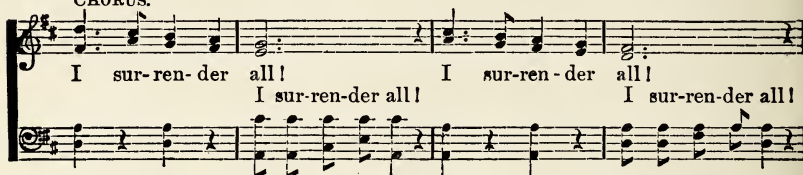
W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

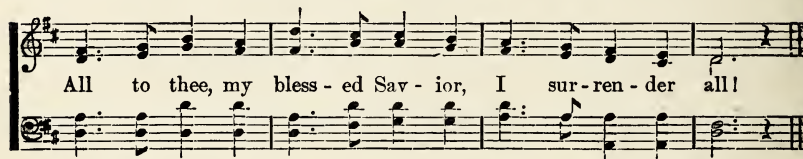


1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his presence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Humbly at his feet I bow, }
 { World-ly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.



I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!



All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all!

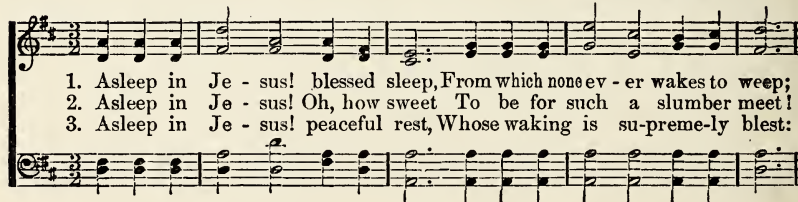
4 All to Jesus I surrender;
 Lord, I give myself to thee;
 Fill me with thy love and power,
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 Oh, the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to his name!

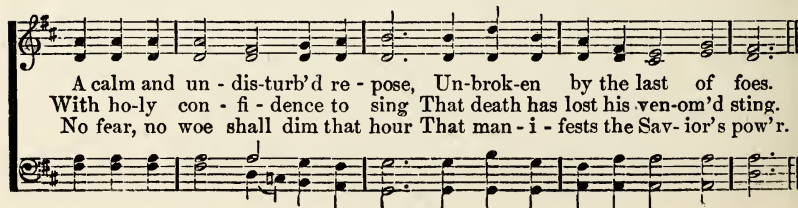
Copyright, 1898, by Weedon & VanDeVenter. P. P. Bilhorn, Owner. Used by permission.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Asleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. Asleep in Je - sus! Oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
 3. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest:

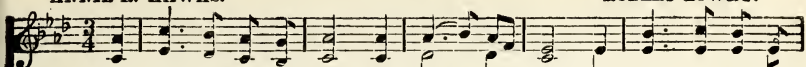


A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his ven - om'd sting.
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.

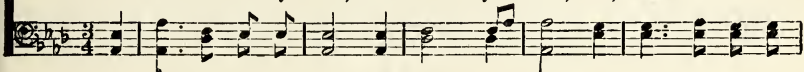
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

ANNIE E. HAWKS.

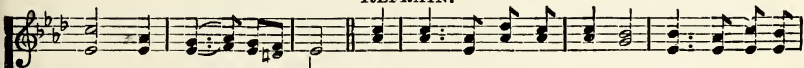
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. I need thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need thee ev'-ry hour, Stay thou near by; Temp-tations lose their
3. I need thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need thee ev'-ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich prom is,
5. I need thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me thine in-

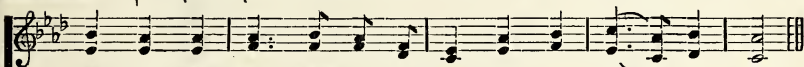
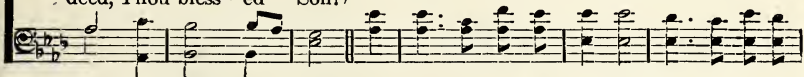


REFRAIN.

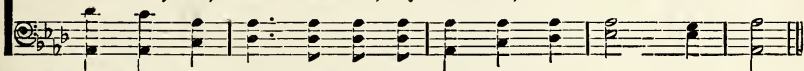


thine Can peace af-ford.
 pow'r When thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain.
 es In me ful-fill.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

I need thee, Oh, I need thee, Ev'-ry hour I



need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to thee!

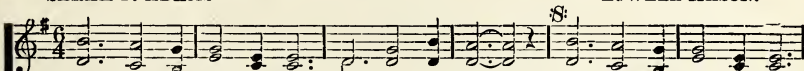


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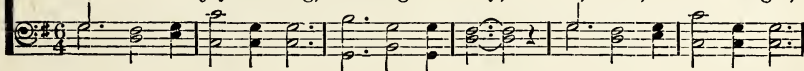
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

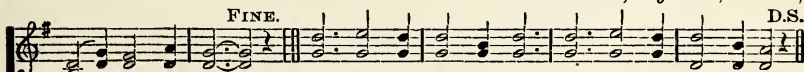
LOWELL MASON.



1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,



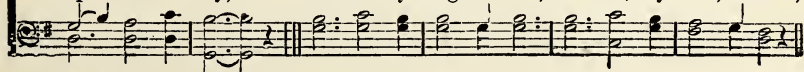
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,



FINE.

D.S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

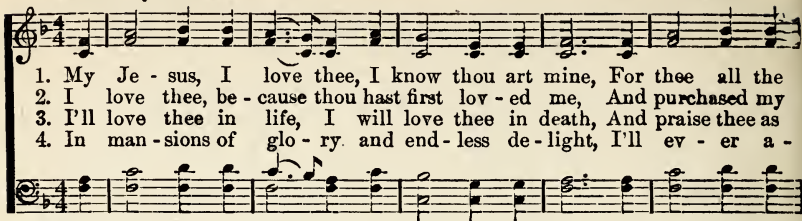


Near-er to thee.

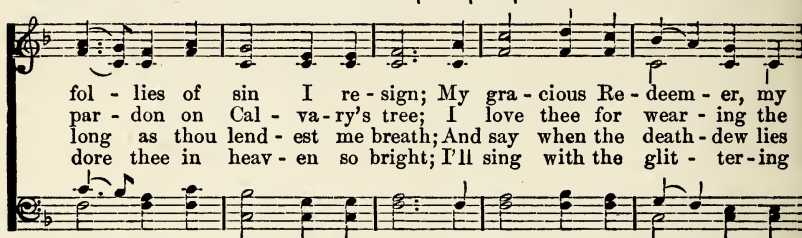
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry. and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



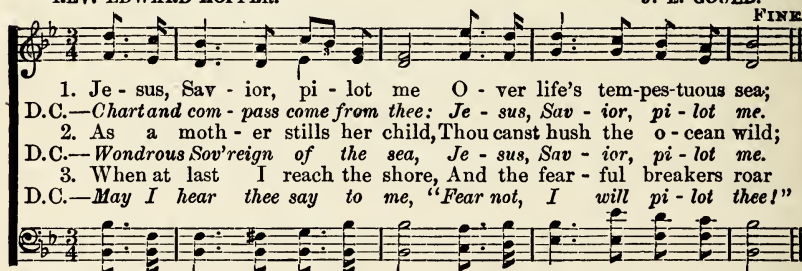
Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
 crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

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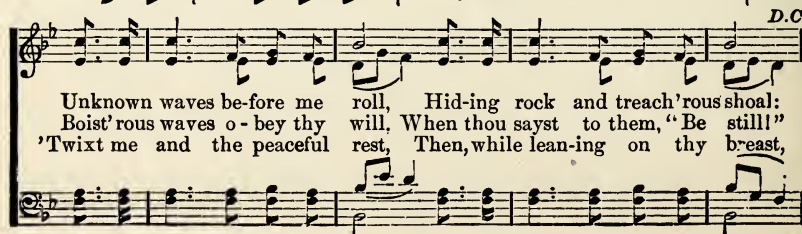
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
 D.C.—*Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D.C.—*Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
 3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
 D.C.—*May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE.)

CHAS. WESLEY.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint.
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art.
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(MARTYN.)

S. B. MARSH.

D. C.

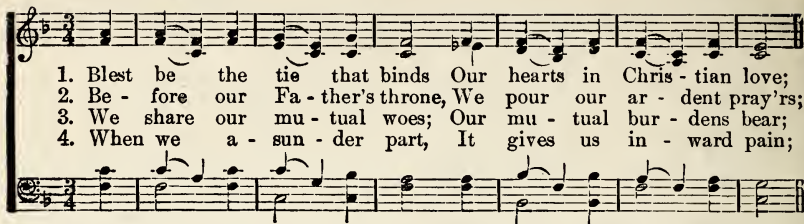
FINE.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

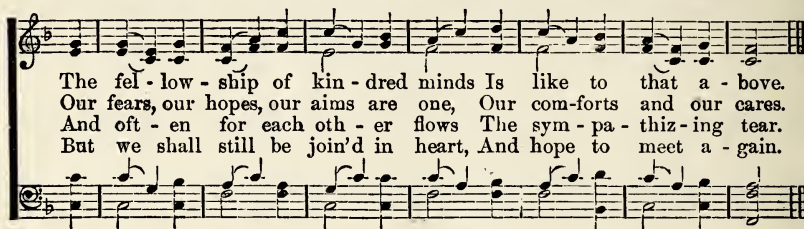
REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. NAGELL.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

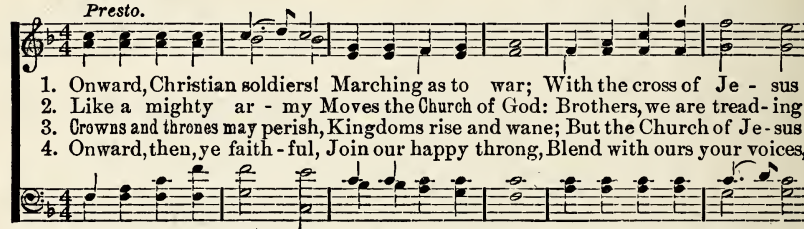


The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

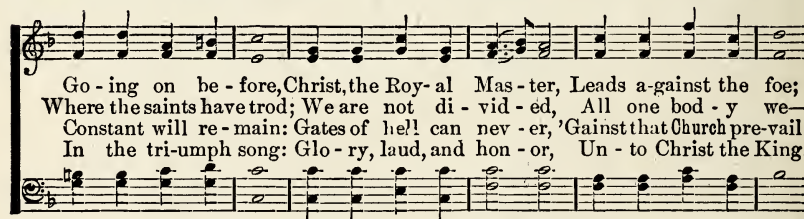
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING GOULD.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

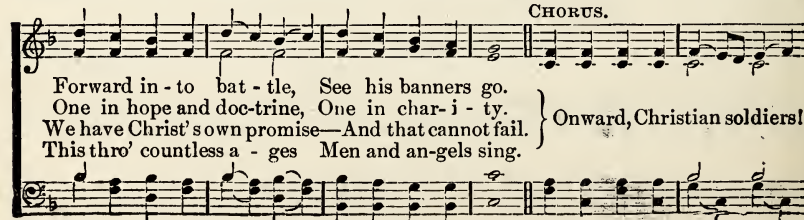
Presto.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,



Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we—
 Constant will re - main: Gates of hel! can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
 In the tri - umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise—And that cannot fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

} Onward, Christian soldiers!

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. Concluded.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore.
With the cross of

136 TRUST AND OBEY.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of his love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be -
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear Can a - bid while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
stows Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Slow and with feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re - fuse u a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

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THE MERCY-SEAT.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

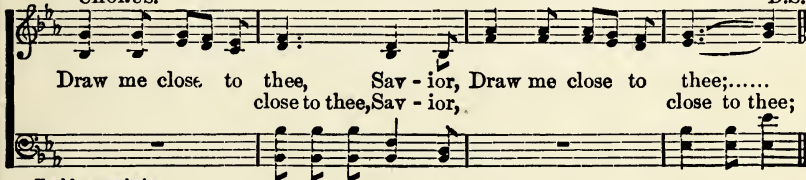
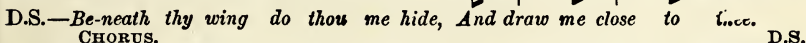
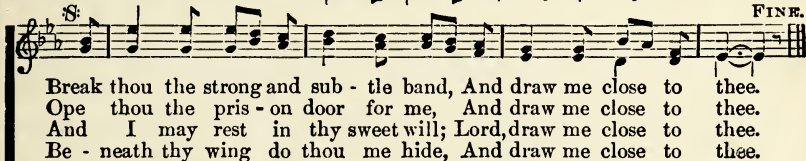
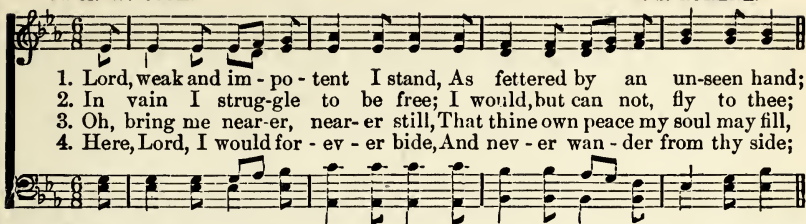
1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
 3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat;—'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be-sides more sweet;—It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

DRAW ME TO THEE.

M. A. W. COOK.

E. S. LORENZ.



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TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



5 Take my will and make it thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is thine own,
 ¶: It shall be thy royal throne :||

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At thy feet its treasured store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 ¶: Ever, only, all for thee. :||


HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

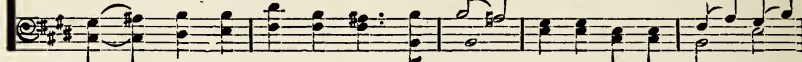
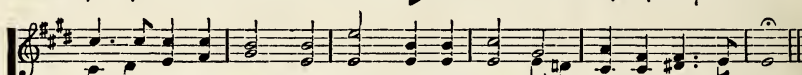
JOHN B. DYKES.



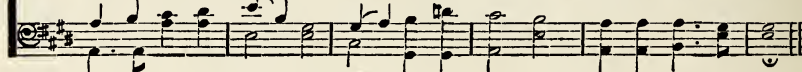
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All thy work shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u-bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

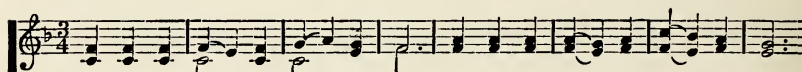
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!
 falling down be-fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!



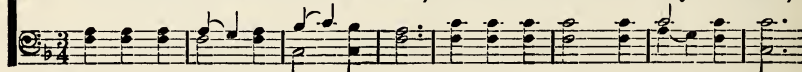
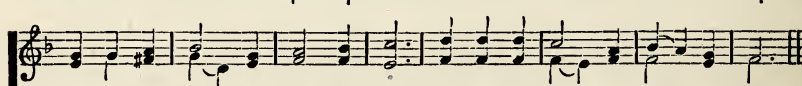
SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE.

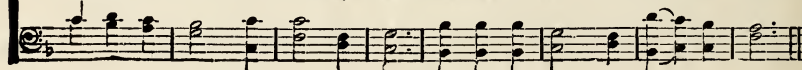
BITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

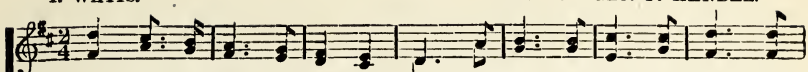
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought: How sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 Till in the o - cean of thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.



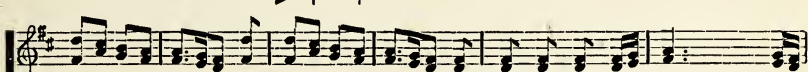
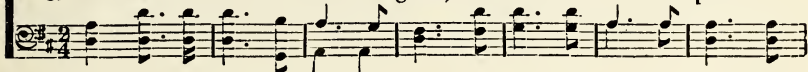
JOY TO THE WORLD.

I. WATTS.

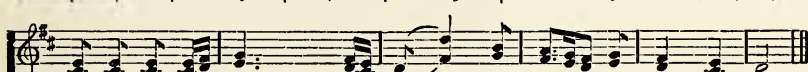
Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



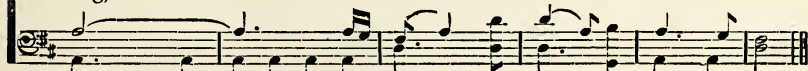
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
 glo - ries of his right-eous-ness, And wonders of his love, And
 And heav'n, and heav'n and nature



heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
 won-ders of his love, And won - ders, and won - ders of his love.
 sing,.....

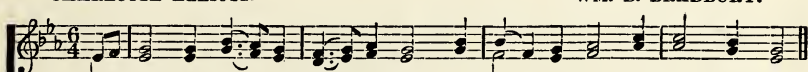


sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

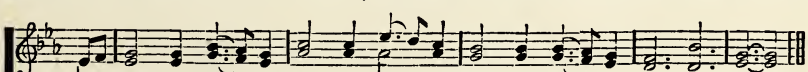
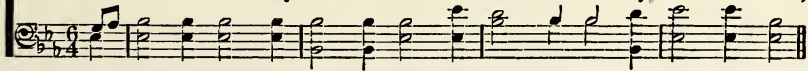
JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.
3. Just as I am, thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am—thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

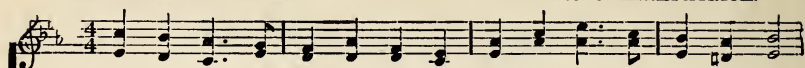


And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

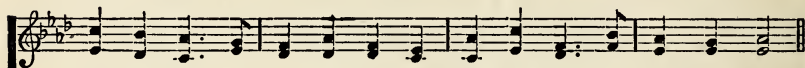
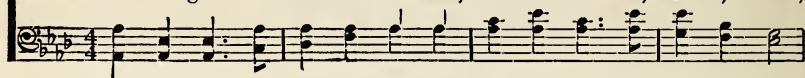


S. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

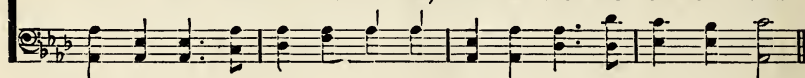
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



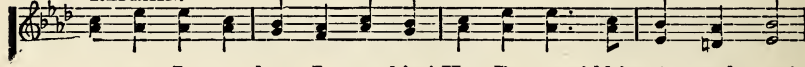
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;



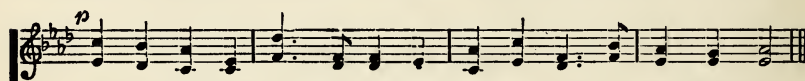
Just to rest up - on his promise; Just to know, "Thussaith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleans-ing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



REFRAIN.



e - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him! How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er!



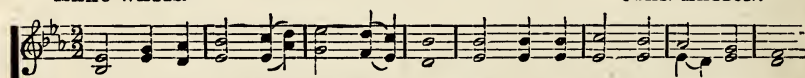
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! Oh, for grace to trust him more.



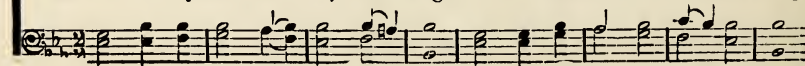
From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
2. To him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown his head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains:
5. Let ev - 'ry creat-ure rise, and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King.



JESUS SHALL REIGN.—Concluded.

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on his name.
The wea-ry find e-ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An-gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth re-peat the loud A-men!

147

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-may'd, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re- pose, I

laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent Word! What more can he
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be
will not—I will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all

say, than to you he hath said.—To you, who for ref-uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-
with thee thy troub-le to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy
hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no

Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

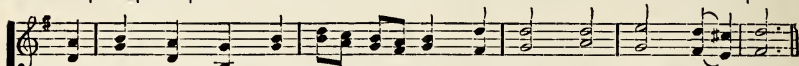
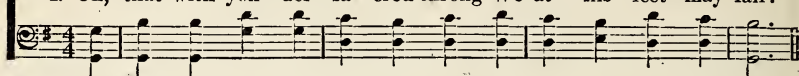
148 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

EDW. PERRONET.

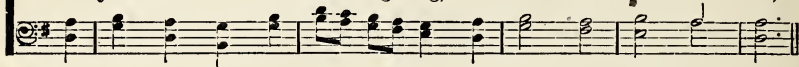
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



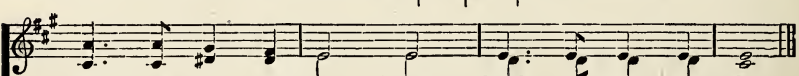
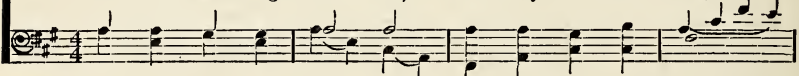
149 NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

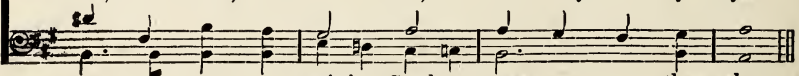
JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o - ver; Night is draw - ing nigh;
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,



Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In thy ho - ly eyes.



ev'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner.
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict

D.S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,

D.S.—Let courage rise with danger,

D.S.

FINE.
 It must not suffer loss. From vict'ry un-to vic-t'ry His army shall he lead,
 In this his glorious day. "Ye that are men, now serve him," Against unnumbered foes;

And Christ is Lord indeed.

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day, the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. TR. BY J. M. NEALE.

ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy contem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bilant with song, And bright with many an
 3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd; I know not, oh, I know not, What
 an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The
 tri-umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have

ho - ly joys are there, What radian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
 daylight is se - rene; The pastures of the bless-ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
 conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

Arr. by E. S. L. from an old Spiritual.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. It was good for our mothers. | 6. It was good for the twelve apostles. |
| 2. It was good for our fathers. | 7. It was good for Paul and Silas. |
| 3. It was good for grand old Moses. | 8. It supplies me grace for living. |
| 4. It was good for the Prophet Daniel. | 9. It will do when I am dying. |
| 5. It was good for the Hebrew children. | 10. It will take us all to heaven. |

HOW THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD.

Arr. by REV. SAMUEL H. HADLEY.

1. When I think how they crucified my Lord, When I think how they crucified my Lord,
 2. When I think how they nailed him to the tree, When I think how they nailed him to the tree,
 3. When I think how they pierc'd his blessed side, When I think how they pierc'd his blessed side,

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, When I think how they crucified my Lord.
 Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, When I think how they nailed him to the tree.
 Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, When I think how they pierc'd his blessed side.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system contains the first three lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next three lines. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves.

- | |
|--|
| 4. When I think of the nail-prints in his hands. |
| 5. When I think how they struck him in the face. |
| 6. When I think how he washed away my sins. |

English.

Arranged by MRS. G. K. LITTLE.

S. CHORUS.

1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, } { And when the battle's
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? } { And when the battle's

o - ver we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown!
o - ver we shall wear a crown! (*Omit 2d and last time.*)

2 FINE. D.S.

In the new Je - ru - sa - lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!
Wear a crown! wear a crown!

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

SALVATION'S FREE.

(Key of G.)

155

1 How sweet the cheering words,
"Whoever will" may come;
The door of mercy open stands,
As yet there still is room.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 'Tis the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love;
And God invites "whoever will"
His faithfulness to prove.

3 The Saviour sits on high,
The proof that all is done,
And sinners now God can accept
Through his beloved Son.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

(Key of C.)

156

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

CHO.—God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LOBENZ.

1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - ior, to me; So true and so
 2. So pa - tient so kind - ly T'ward all of my ways; I blun - der so
 3. Of all friends, the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex -

REFRAIN.

gra - cious, I've found him to be.
 blind - ly— He love still re - pays.
 rar - est That ev - er can be. } How can I but love him? But
 ceed - ing, For grief him a - dorns.

love him, but love him? There's no friend a - bove him, Poor sin - ner, for thee.

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HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

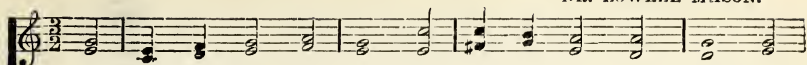
FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pra'y, Wond'ring if our names are there, }


D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, Wan - d'r'er, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The
 2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her



church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
 as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
 her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

160 Oh, Come and Dwell. S. M.

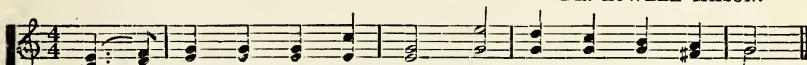
- 1 Oh, come and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within,
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to thy will and word,
 Well pleasing in thy sight.

161 A Charge to Keep. S. M.

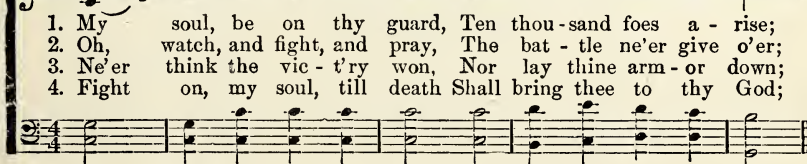
- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

162 MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

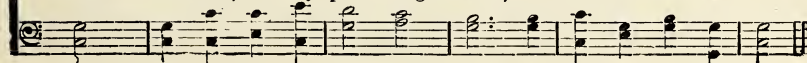
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain a crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.



J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai-ly man-na still provide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put his arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

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